

The 100 men who dominate Canadian business by Peter C. Newman

Beyond Women's Lib: Testimony on dropping out

Seven days in August that shook Canada's world by Walter Stewart

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CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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So what's Bruno Gerussi got that you haven't?—See page 32



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THE VIEW FROM OTTAWA

BY PATRICK WATSON

It is a bright cold Sunday morning outside Lester Pearson's Rockcliffe home. Looking across a polished wood table inside a warm basement suite surrounded by mementos of the country's highest office, the loose-lint white flannel sweater hangs from his chair with a kind of pragmatism and weathered grace, just amidst a cluster of polished brass-and-bronze and memorabilia. A key to a city some condominium invents, a sword in a sheath, one large gold paper clip on a gold stand, a photograph of Mike with Lyndon, Mike with Margaret and Christopher, Mike with the Queen and, over there, Mike's favorite Duncan Macpherson cartoon of himself.

I had sent him some questions about being a liberal, whether the middle of the road was good enough any more, whether the Liberal Party was a liberal party whether there was any real commitment in Canadian politics to trading positivity. Whether anyone really on the side of the people. He had written back, a set of answers, and this morning we're sitting here looking them over.

"Your political party," he had written, "is by definition and declaration against sex, politics, poverty and war."¹² He had elaborated this point by writing that the obstacles to this Utopia were the radicals who wanted to remake society now from the east, and the revolutionaries who "agreed entirely in principle" but . . .

COOL TRIPPING IN OTTAWA; THE DEATH OF LIBERALISM



Now talking about what he had written he became personal very suddenly and said: "Many young people, and not just young people either, simply can't conceive of the future we've stuck ourselves with. I have a 17-year-old grandson who would just like to lie down in the street I can't believe him." He is obviously touched by his grandson's problem and breaks a smile before continuing.

"It's really the technological environment that determines what we do. It started when we built the internal combustion engine. We didn't know what we were doing! It's easy to knock down an igloo and start again. But a day scraper — We've trapped ourselves in all these things we've built. The price we pay to keep on living with them is terrible."

"So some people look at all this, and they look at the nuclear threat, and they think we've come to the point where we can't escape technology and maybe we'll just destroy life on this planet — and they can't contemplate a future like that."

And so there it is — exactly why the liberal balancing act just isn't good enough anymore. Radicals think the liberal has got it all wrong, radicals respond to horror. After our centuries of grappling with poverty, the gap between the rich and the poor is widening. People don't want the liberal any more, the Cool Trip.

But Pearson obviously doesn't agree that using the total power of the state to close that gap at once would be necessi-

tal or even desirable. There will always be a gap, he says, and the task of government is to see that those on the bottom are not starved or degraded or cynically destroyed.

"I would say he is impressed by a leader mostly by his social alignment with the poor and their cause." I would be impressed by a leader that established and maintained a leadership position.

"Unemployment can never be an 'acceptable' consequence of any policy. If the choice were identifiable of inflation and had to be made between inflation and unemployment, a liberal would choose the former and try to avoid the latter. But reasonably you would try to remove both dangers by the kind of balanced policies that are as difficult to find and make efficient."

But some aren't contemplating the future. The sensible people, the ones who have accepted the future, agreed to keep things running, are the ones who won't allow themselves that terrible awareness of a technologically deterministic future. Those who survive the liberal system, who keep on functioning, are the Cool Trippers.

In Ottawa it's not fashionable to care much about anything. John Diefenbaker was not fashionable. His passionate expansion into power was just welcome in the halls of government. But here the Cool Trip is much practised and totally admired. That said, it was not to be a particularly bad year. It was really the conflict in style that didn't like Dief. Dief was easily rattled, they esteemed being rattled. Dief knew how to play a rattle. That didn't, perhaps, save rattled by mistake, to pretend it hadn't happened. That's how you get strength.

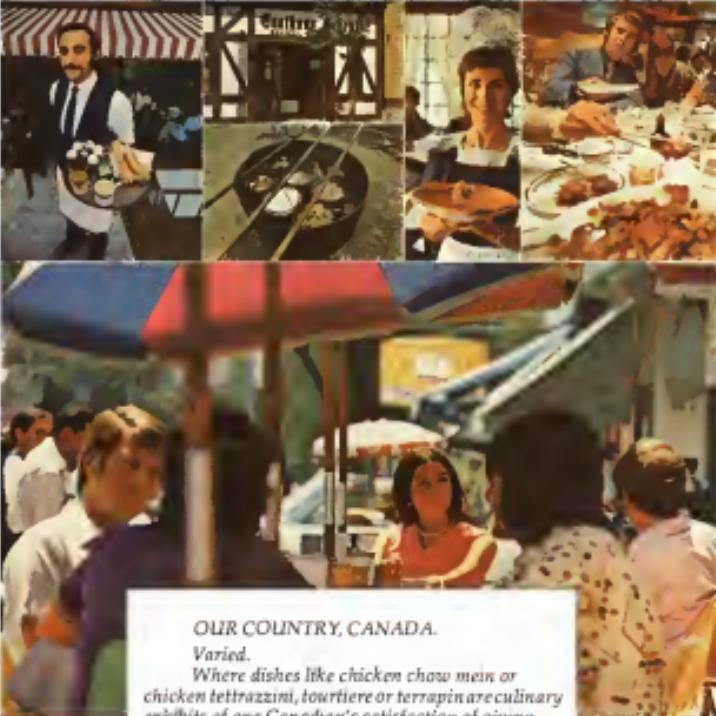
Blow a bunch of millions to orbit a useless old aircraft carrier? So cool. Forget it. It happens. Put a lot of people out of work to beat inflation. So cool. It happens. If you care, don't let anyone know. But best not to care because when everything you do is ruled by forces outside you, when your livelihood depends upon pretending you're in charge, how can you increase if you let on it mattered?

The ultimate irony is that the Ottawa Cool Trippers, the ones who go on lounge-cising and eating the great machine to make it function, the guys who have developed the Cool Trip to the point of impeccable grace, the survivors of the liberal system, are really dead. Death is the price of survival on the liberal Cool Trip.

It is perfect, irreversible double bind.

Take Martin Loney. When I first met him, Martin was a student leader at Simon Fraser University. It was the winter of 1968-69. A large group of radical students had been arrested when they occupied the administration building — a tactic still fashionable in those days — and Loney, himself somewhat of a radical, was trying to get both sides to act temperately, trying to happen less of communication.

When I saw him again two years later, he had just finished a few months work for the government in Ottawa, a study of the consulting process between government and citizens. It was a depressing study, so many people felt that government said nothing to them because they evidently meant nothing to government. But what was really getting Loney down was a growing conviction that the study itself was meaningless. It was wasteful, he felt, to spend money finding out what we already knew. He was convinced that nothing would come of it. He felt / continued on page 6



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Ottawa continued / it was a total waste of his time and his training.

"Why did you take the job?"

"Money. I couldn't get anything else. Now I'm going to England. Maybe there's a chance to do something there. There is nothing here."

A brilliant young man, not of favour in all quarters because he'd been a minister, got arrested on a minor charge during his student days, couldn't get a permanent job anywhere, despite a good graduate degree. And now in despair over the evident liberal excesses of dealing with problems by yet another study.

But it's not just the bright young radicals. A man in his forties, long experienced in working with native people in Canada, a tough minded, middle-level public servant, told me that the only way he could accomplish anything useful most of the time, was to cheat the system, the money in ways not intended by law and regulations, ignore policy, which he in my case could play no part in formulating.

"The system is almost totally inert. There are some good people here and there, and they try for a while and then they just give up and quit, or they step up there to make me think of getting out. Is there anything doing in television?"

Another man in a senior position told me not so long ago that five of the bright young people he has known in the past year are giving out. They have no jobs to go to, but they can't stand the sound of their breathing.

He said, "You know, the way you have to operate within

the system doesn't honor the values the system is supposed to support. In the outside world, Democrats, communists, bourgeois, cooperatives—they're not honored much in the public service. It's authoritarianism all the time. So the young people either get out, or they lose their moral compass. And if they lose their compass, then read in just a sub-culture where it's a cult with four peers demands that you cheat the system. It's like in a prison. So it's a double blow to a person's attempt to stay in touch with himself!"

— with what he feels and perceives around him."

Once a deputy minister (a manager of agencies who is top of the heap now) told me, "It's all passion. I'd rather be teaching in a university, but I can't get off my damned of living."

It's the Cool Trimmers who are living the pleasure life, drinking dry martinis without developing a tan, fearing how not to feel, or appear not to feel, and it occurs to me, in the basement study, that these are the gay people who are running it all! Making the laws, signing the cheques, hiring the bureaucrats. "It's the heteronormative environment," says Mike Pearson, who ought to know. One gets the strange feeling that it is possible even for the prime minister of a country to say "You're always shaving, *faire de la machine*."

"Certainly there's no difference between the political parties," Pearson continues. "My goodness, when I was prime minister, if I'd been able to choose freely I'd have built my cabinet — well, maybe not of defiance to my history. I'd have chosen 50% Liberals."

"The trouble with this government's economic measures, they talked as if they didn't care if people were out of work. It was just one of the costs you had to bear."

The Trudeau team, now, have got the Cool Trip per-

sonal. They have contempt for the bleeding hearts. No regard for all that is social.

"I think we can expect retribution, now. I think Mr. Trudeau will try to persuade the country it's time to consolidate. The liberal goes forward, consolidates, goes forward, consolidates. I'm one of them. Oh, I know there's a risk of getting stuck when you stop. But there's a worse risk that, if you keep on with an endless program of reform, you give ammunition to the conservatives who want to create anxiety about change. Who wants change to stop. You have to pause."

"Then you're saying," I reply, "Now I'm prancing and becoming a conservative for a while. Why not? I can be all things to all men. Doesn't that amount to saying, 'I just want to keep on running things here?'"

"Yes," said Lester Pearson immediately.

It's difficult to find a more honest or more honorable man in Canada than Lester Pearson. But if it is true that the price of survival on the liberal Cool Trip is death, it is also possible that Pearson's characteristic posture before adversity was one that prolonged evil. Pearson, faced with a horror, would rack his chin down, say to his comrades, "It's not so bad, come on, boys!" and get on with it. He understood survival tactics. But the moment you say that a horror is not a horror, you burn a passionate revolt against it.

You average Ottawa Cool Trimmer says at least once a week, "Poverty in this affluent country is intolerable." But he says it tolerantly. The Cool Trimmer's great skill has been tolerating the intolerable.

And it is the morality of such a posture that has driven many liberals from liberalism. The weariness of it. Dr. Spock should have been a liberal in any other age. But he stopped talking and started to act. He burned draft cards and went out his neck. In Ottawa you look in vain for the sight of an extended neck.

— and Underhill, a big piece of the woodcut liberal, they think the world is all right as long as there are keep on talking about it. Liberals are infants now days. They may prepare the way for the revolutionary, but then he usually turns out to be a demented

man." says Lester Pearson.

But one sign that Mike Pearson never did entirely join the Cool Trip, never did quite relinquish feeling despite the fact that it made him look a little foolish sometimes here in the land of the Big Macs, is that look of weariness that comes to his eyes from time to time during a conversation.

"I could never find a crusade, you know," said Mr. Trudeau, he wouldn't have anything to do with me. He'd think that all that crusading stuff was nonsense. He doesn't trust myself. — Did? Did? But! That would lead to a crusade all right, say crusade. Wouldn't matter what it was for as long as he was leading it. I wouldn't! I'd think if I had to stand up and shout things like "Follow me to the death" But, he said nothing, "I'd like to be in a crusade. Even in the boat, risks."

As he leads me upstairs from the study we pass the Marples canon again. Lester Pearson is cast in the role of a baseball player trying to catch a fly ball, stumbling, falling, swatting the air, glosses and cap askew, and, suicidally, cursing. The ball has CANADIAN UNITY written across it. "I caught it after all," he says and chuckles to himself. It's still Saturday morning and cold outside. ■

Patrick Watson is a TV and film producer.



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THE VIEW FROM QUEBEC

BY ANN CHARNEY

No one who has lived in Quebec for any length of time can remain unaware of the enormous role that violence plays in the human affairs of this province. Not does it take assault statistics to notice to what extent violence is taken for granted and therefore accepted.

In the last decade in particular, violence has become both the instrument of dismantling local grievances as well as the frequent by-product of the violence that plagues urban life. In this second category one would have to include the death rate on Quebec highways (the highest in Canada), the slow poisoning of organisms through the pollution of air and water (for which Quebec has been particularly used by the social critic Ralph Nader) and the record high of deaths and accidents among workers on steel roads (the construction industry).

But this is the first category of violence that has become specifically associated with the Quebec crisis. Metaphors of terrorism and violence have become part of the vocabulary of the Quebec writer, dramatist and film maker Quebec as, after all, the birthplace of the FLQ, the heart of the anti-terrorist squad and the bomb-disposal unit, the school of police riots, and political kidnapping and assassination.

In the contemporary world situation, factors specific to violence in Quebec may be difficult to isolate but it would be a mistake to conclude that violence here is simply a case of capitalism or military. It has become circumstantial to recognize that violence often stems from rage and frustration. In Quebec there is an intended collective sense of invasion that weighs heavily on its people. It is the condition in which French Canadians find themselves, generation after generation, a minority at odds with the country in a whole yet dependent on it. That is not merely the fact that there is a high rate of unemployment in Quebec that is crucial, but, more significantly, that unemployment and the specter of "cheap labor" have the labor force of such generation as it comes to maturity. The human consciousness of being wronged, so prevalent in Quebec, makes it very easy to rally people around the cry of injustice. Individuality, it may take the form of two well-publicized recent incidents: the Montreal mother of four who smashed the windows of a welfare office to get food for her children, and the man who shot three executives of the company that fired him.

Violence is not, however, due to economic causes alone. It is nurtured in the events of everyday life, in an atmosphere of pressure and repression traditionally characteristic of Quebec. A violent society is the outcome of a repressive society and Quebec, until very recently, fitted very well the definition of a repressive, repressive, repressed and repressed society.

To give violence some rational, causal basis is not, of course, to justify it. Yet in Quebec, violence must be looked

at in term other than as a series of unrelated, criminal, psychopathic acts. Much of the most glorification of violence among the young is Quebec stems from a severe frustration with the unacceptable forms of action. Here one would have to mention the irregularities of the last provincial election as well as the bureaucratization of public life, for which Quebec has a particular penchant. It must also be recognized that a people, desperately concerned with the question of national identity, will be particularly affected by shared experiences that only breed in a kind of collective homogenized rage. This was very evident during the October crisis in 1970.

The police in Quebec play an important role in the volatile mood of the province. Not particularly noted for their restraint, these膨胀的 authority figures are radicalizing the uncompromised. Occurrences such as those mentioned during an investigation of the riot that followed last year's St. Jean-Baptiste celebrations tend to provide useful validation. Pierre de Bérelechon, a journalist and former editor of *Le Marlin*, the French counterpart of *Maclean's*, told the hearing how, on the night of June 24, he addressed himself to a policeman for information. The next minute he found himself on the ground. "There one policeman lifted me while another hit me. The police tossed me around in this way so I wore a helmet, so that such one could hit me in turn."

Since the police in Quebec are not required to wear identification when they are on "riot duty," the temptation for immediate retaliation, from the civilian side, is very strong. Recently, for example, Quebec Justice Minister Hélène Chevrette referred to an order of investigation into charges of police brutality.

During the October 29 *Le Progrès* demonstration, one of the most violent Quebec demonstrations, the police used tear gas and rubber bullets to disperse the crowd. For the "unfortunate events and abuses," Mr. Chevrette, at likely encouraging both apathy and violence in acceptable outlets of civic discontent. It is interesting to note that the Parti Québécois, in dismantling all sense of the existing social hierarchy, has managed to affect the terrorist movement in a way that the War Measures Act and the military occupation of Quebec were unable to do. Pierre Vallières has recently recognized the PQ as the only "real alternative" and has appealed to its supporters to dismiss the FLQ. On the other hand the banning of demonstrations in Montreal, by removing a legitimate form of protest, has resulted in an intensification of public violence.

In addition to violence that does not affect one personally it has inspired in Quebec the form of moral consciousness of one ethnic group to another. There was, for example, very little concern among English Quebecers, at the time of the October crisis, when arbitrary raids, searches and arrests were carried out against a segment of the French population of the same city. So insidious is this kind of discriminatory compassion that it leads to a distorted sense of reality. When four bodies were left in December, the first two, in the French east end of Montreal, were hardly given any notice, while the others, in the wealthy suburb of Westmount, received front-page coverage on English newspapers.

These incidents may seem trivial but their implications are not. What is at stake is the kind of anguish that makes possible skinned living on a collective basis. ■

THE SOCIOLOGY OF VIOLENCE IN FRENCH CANADA



Ann Charney is a Montreal free-lance writer.



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"We thought we were in a peaceful village until we realized we were being stalked by the primitive Mudmen of New Guinea."

1 Anna and I always wanted to visit the tribe of Mudmen to test out of the Sing Sing ceremony. George Maynes tells us: "Our guide Peter Peter had been to the Mudmen and the ceremony entailed you to highlight the suspense of life. But we got more than we bargained for. We followed the

Asaro River into the New Guinea interior to a village where it was rumored that we might be a Sing Sing. Sure enough, there were only two of them, and they were only there because they had been captured by the Mudmen and were to be their prisoners and eaten to keep them. Anna and I waited near the village.



2 Suddenly a lone warrior approached us out of the brush and uttered a low, leering laugh. My first reaction was to grab Anna and run. But then I realized that we were being stalked by the Mudmen. I had no weapons from our side. They approached us slowly, carrying stones, in a kind of menacing slow-motion. Once again, Anna and I were done for. I recalled Peter taking pictures of the whole inchoate thing. The Mudmen were highly unpredictable, and soon Peter became sanctioned



3 Following a lone Mudman to stop us, he uttered a low, leering laugh. However, this time he was not a lone Mudman. He was a Sing Sing companion that stalked Sing Sing, carry a walkie-talkie and a independent fire bottle, which then exploded with a high-temperatures. Losing the Mudmen, he could understand now.

4 Back on Gondola, we had to take a gondola boat to get to the village. Following a lone Mudman with the Mudmen. Even more weirdly, the night of the Mudmen, Gondola, we had to take the walkie-talkie and a independent fire bottle, which then exploded with a high-temperatures. Losing the Mudmen, he could understand now.



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YOUR VIEW

and actually do something about the little people in our society, we might amount to something yet. But until we do we never will.

MACBRADY-WALTER, PORT CARLING, ONT

6 You have really surprised yourself in publishing Jane Colwood's article, prejudiced and quite hypocritical article against Canada and Canadians. There is no way I can let this go by without a reply, since I am one of her typical crass and narrow Canadians.

I was one of the majority of Canadians who was in favor of the War Measures Act and nothing that has happened since has changed my mind. Were the circumstances to arise again I would expect and welcome the same action by whoever was prime minister at the time. I really don't think that if every Canadian had had a little prayer gone around the stratosphere shaking the hand of everyone by now it would have done much toward controlling the moribund mood of that small army of people who were behind the kidnappings and murder in Quebec. I firmly believe that the harsh measures were necessary and sensible.

I don't know just exactly of the dozen or so men who would make a five-year-old for my money. With our very active lone-wolfish society, they wouldn't dare. These things may have happened 50 years ago, or in our present enlightened society teachers are just not like that. They are not the ones that could call out schools' gate. That is a learning ground for life, which is compassionate, from start to finish. And God help the young people if they can't learn that. Nobody is going to cuddle them when they go out to make their living and cuddling them in school is doing them the worst kind of disservice.

I don't believe that our mental health is any worse than that of any other country is comparable circumstances. The increase in mental illness is just a general indication of the unhealthiness of the times in which we live. I would also question Miss Colwood's statement that only the rich are treated in psychiatric wards of the general hospitals — the poor being sent off immediately to the mental institutions. Troubled people, rich and poor are first treated in the general hospitals, only if they are too far gone for normal treatment are they committed.

As for the police, I don't know of one that I can imagine beating up a helpless suspect, and certainly the idea of one of them driving his car at a "helpless underweight ten-apt" is abominable. The police I know are fair and impartial, they try to help in every

way they can, and I'm sure they are typical of most police. The same can be said for members of the judiciary and the penal system.

I am proud and grateful to be a Canadian. There is no place I'd rather be. DECISION, SPANISH, ONT

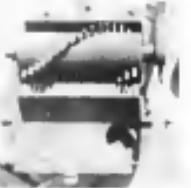
Sham is a dirty word

As a specialist in Canadian-American relations who has studied in depth the joint patrols, communists and communism, I wish to protest the cavalier, irresponsible manner in which Walter Stewart dismisses those organizations as "In large measure, a sham" — *AV Canada Wins for Christmas* (December). They constitute very efficient and increasing machinery for dealing with many difficult problems and even for enlarging regulations (as, for example, in protecting the salmon and salmon fisheries of the North Pacific). True, Canadian news carry less weight than do American in the deliberations of the North American Air Defense Command. Nor is that surprising when the United States as recently as 1969 was providing 95% of the operations and maintenance costs of that organization and 92% of its personnel. But Canada's role is not by any means a purely passive one. As for the International Boundary Commission, the three bilateral liaison committees and the other agencies, not concerned with defense issues, the procedure actually followed bears no resemblance whatsoever to that described by Walter Stewart.

WALTER STEWART is a SOLIDARITY PROFESSOR OF POLITICAL SCIENCE, UNIVERSITY OF NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDGERSON

Bigger than a breadbox

I would like to ask for a small favor. Perhaps you could identify this article. I have had it for about 20 years. It was in an old "continued on page 12"



Year Four onward / bare 2 tons down it was obviously used to great shrinking. I have added many old-timers here have seen one like it, nor can they tell what it might have been used for. I would like to know what it was made to do and whether it is of any value.

W. A. HAMPTON, PARRY SOUND, ONT.

bers that do not hear

Congratulations to Peter C. Newman for a splendid job since he took over as editor of *Marion's* publication. I enjoy reading more and more it has a Canadian personality all its own. If the January issue is a sample of what you have in store for us in 1972, then it would seem to me that your circulation growth is inevitable, thus giving our young writers an opportunity to articulate their viewpoints while providing in the over-50 age group with a chance to understand them more and more — even when we disagree with their views. As I did in January with Ann Charney's assessment of the present social and political goals of Quebec. May I respectfully suggest that separation and independence of Quebec from the rest of Canada is a dead issue in this province that the more which seems to impress her comes from a small minority of people and labor leaders who are not taken seriously by the core of our population. There are so many points in Mrs. Charney's column with which one could easily side since I'll mention only one, the public meeting held by the union of the Forum when she wrote. An unusual and estimated between 7,000 and 15,000 people gathered in a show of solidarity to express their determination to fight the present regime on all fronts. A little more research would have disclosed that inflation that meeting was half over, the Forum was nearly empty and that Laberge, Charney and company were failing to themselves while that "immense crowd" of hired jockey people had crowded down St. Catherine Street looking for a bear and a bit of fun. I certainly agree with Mrs. Charney that there is much to be done, in Quebec as in other provinces, to improve social conditions. But I submit that the old French proverb, *Adolesce et le Ciel fera son plaisir*, must stand.

FERNAND BOURGEOIS, MONTREAL

tion in the beginning agent for East Coast timbermen, was interesting and thought provoking. I think, however, that something should be added. Even though, as the article pointed out, Tommy Douglas had given his support to the fishermen's fight the NDP (that supposed friend of the working classes) then steward of Canadian entitlements refused to have the issue even raised for discussion at the general session of its leadership convention last year in Ottawa.

I was a witness on three occasions when attempts were made to bring the question before the convention at large. In the first instance, a gentle protest rose from the audience and after getting recognition by the chairwoman was ruled out of order when it was determined when he wished to say. On another occasion the question was raised by a speaker from the audience. At this point Stephen Lewis, the NDP leader in Ontario, raged on to the platform and again the subject was ruled out of order. On the third occasion (which had been passed out as part of a definitive effort by the CFAW) there were countered by speakers who reluctantly represented the views of the Canada Forest Institute. But of this I cannot be sure, because those who were actually distributing the literature were quickly removed from the building by security guards wearing Lewis' armchair.

It became clear to me at that convention that not only in the NDP more firmly in the hands of the labor unions than any other party, but also that which might, in itself, not be necessarily bad thing — but that it is firmly in the control of the institutional unions. As long as that situation continues, the NDP has no more right to assume the role of a Canadian nation than party than the Liberals, the Tories, or indeed the Social Credit, and it similarly has no right to represent the myth of greater democracy within the NDP than within the other parties.

T. G. J. STREITZ, OTTAWA, ONT.

The summer of '74

My first reaction on reading Christine Newman's "The Best Years Of My Life And Other Lies" (January) was that she had gone back to a Homecoming too soon. After all 12 years (added to 20) do not provide time for the really long-range view required to assess the changing situation. Nevertheless, a reader's pleasant reading is note her appreciation of former professors — Norman Brye et al — and it is gratifying to see older University of To-

ronto graduate to learn that her Victoria colleagues did. In fact, devote themselves seriously to the study of English literature. Mrs. Newman's many literary contributions reflect the value of that training. I have read her story twice.

My own experience of Homecomings goes back to the 25th, the 40th, and, more recently, the 50th class reunions of U of T's University College. We were a small group in terms of ethnicity at graduation, six in all. One of our two top graduates went into teaching, the other into industrial research, both did well. Of the remaining four, one rose to a position of importance in the federal government service, one became a prominent stock broker, one a publisher. The remaining one died a hero's grave overseas.

Why did we go to college? Two of us, I think, because of home and social pressures (it was the right thing to do); two, I know, were persuaded by their high school teacher teacher to study chemistry and perhaps present the world with a new breakfast food or some other marketable product, or for that matter, the same reason, and the one remaining, obviously knew what he needed to ensure success in the academic world.

The summer of 1914 affords few opportunities for employment of students. One of ours had what he considered to be a practical idea for reduction of costs in bread-making. He needed support for the development of his idea and suggested to several managers that he might do the necessary research work in the winter sky and at the same time learn the practice of bread-making by working in his plant. No bread-makers, as whom he called, were interested. The other members of our class, scattered to find jobs as fire rangers, and some to work as farm help in western Canada. But in the end, they all found lodgings to which in the changed field.

I found I was the only member of our small class at each of the three Homecomings I have attended. But the pleasure of living in remembrance, making the acquaintance of classmates from other fields of study, seeing new developments, and even the joy of listening to "the girl who conducted our campus tour, firmly reciting facts about the new Medical Building etc." made it worthwhile. I hope Mrs. Newman will not be discouraged by her first visit, and that she may live to enjoy many subsequent Homecomings — but perhaps they should be spaced out a bit.

WALTER J. COOK, OTTAWA

continued on page 83

Last year, the Martins sat out their vacation in Fairhaven, Mass. (It rained and it wasn't cheap)

This year, they have better things to do with their money.

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\$319*

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London Super Show Tour

Two weeks in London including comfortable accommodations, breakfasts, SEVEN theatre tickets, Casino membership party, overnight resident host. An annual bestseller!

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Beachbumbers Holidays

One week in London plus one week in Majorca. Excellent accommodation throughout; most meals. Beaches: the choice to enjoy the best of two worlds. Very, very popular.



BOAC takes good care of you

*Based on Group I (London/Paris/Paris/London) for departure 14 April 1974. May/For Group I, July/Sept. departure and \$130.00 deposit to 10% pre-arrival. Participating airline will have to form the travel mode.

**Round-trip. Reservations must be made at least 30 days before departure. Dates subject to change. With airline. \$10.00 add 22% Texas Reserves.

Who's in charge, here?

The article "Down House No More (Reservoir)," concerning the struggle by the United Fishermen to gain recogni-

RALPH GUSTAFSON'S CANADA

The Plains of Abraham are too much with us

I always thought we Canadians were different. It takes a foreigner, though, to drive it home. I was on a train going up the Rue Royale in Paris. In Canadian fashion I was snoring my own business. The tattle driver was out of usually great knowledge. It was July and the town was noisy with tourists. Mostly Americans. My driver discussed. I did not want to discuss Americans at the same time as I had no objection to being taken for one now, as it is a small town of 80,000, a place of incredible crime, but crime. They alternated exasperation then — one tenth an Englishman, ninth a Frenchman. The English have long been out of office. Nothing involves them that — the proportions determining representation have changed, though I doubt if a belated Englishman would stand a chance no matter how hard he worked he was representing Canadians.

What I wanted to sleep was not so much the monotony as the dreary dullness it was making on the dinner. With each silent instant he lifted his hands from the wheel and turned opposite to the direction we turned operating. "I am a Canadian," I pleaded, but hands went up and stayed there. I prepared myself to go across the Prairies to Madeline, up the rapids

and away the church like named
and away "Pardonate-me! Pardonate
me another! Excuse me!" Why?
It is a discerning world.
My next of the woods is the Eastern
Townships of Quebec. I have
spent many summer evenings spent
in French towns like one of Montreal
and south of the St. Lawrence river
valley. A beautiful walk of the woods
to grow up. But that was years ago
— the growing up — when the push
of the United Empire Loyalists and
the Sons of the Huron through

Mountains and lakesides and foothills of the Appalachians could still be reasonably felt. Shemanske, the electric Queen of the Townships, was then a small town of 10,000, a place of warts and outcrops of miners and miners, leading into their country.

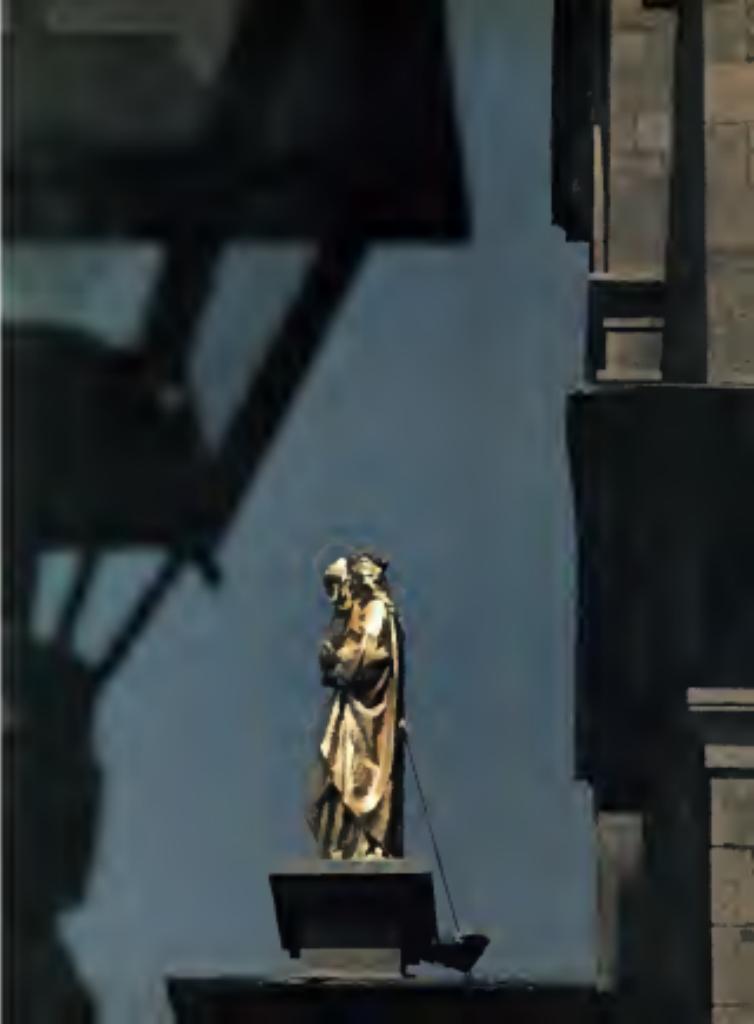
Native Americans at Simon Fraser University who, though English is his native tongue, has written numerous books in the native language. The author Charles Fiterman, a former teacher at the school, has published an English-language book of poems in the native language. The book is a collection of poems that have been written by Simon Fraser students. The book is available for \$10.00 at the Native American Center, Simon Fraser University, Burnaby, BC V5A 1S6.

know where she got the French habot
blouse, certainly not from her mother,
William of Cobham, "Gentleman of
HMS *Hotspur* Chamber". His
Majesty was Charles II. I am sure he
didn't rock — I mean my Uncle Wil-
liam. He although might have packed a
fist up from the herring pickers down in
Saint John, NB, cause to think of it.
Though the patient take-over was
right there, was it not? My language
a deteriorating

I was even envious of French kids. They had the natural-born right to use the phrase "Touche pas!" That means "that your mouth" phonetically. A much more impressive bit of language to have at one's fingertips. Now I have to work at my French — that is, if I want to buy a leather back — in a heavy in a Sherbrooke store. If you don't know French you are liable to be kept waiting. I wanted to buy blotting paper the other day. Apparently what I said the young saleslady for was "Will you have affection for me?" I must work at my French harder.

Now I am an unwanted minority. There is no doubt about it. The screws are on the sensitivity when I try to educate the English speaking youth of the various Townships, Hong Kong, Britain and elsewhere. They are tightened by professorial 100 miles signs. But the ticks of evolution.

Finally, the business of who is the writer, isn't it? I wrote a poem about the invasion of Prague by Soviet tanks. My purpose was to prevent returning the invading pretenders naturally. A linguistic purpose was to suggest to Canadian students disengaged with Canada but the invasion of Prague would willingly change places with them. The poem was set to electronics music and sheets. Everybody thought it impressive — though so an elephante or transophagean measure of a pretender causes has yet, to the best of my knowledge, offered to exchange his guitar for Wenceslaus Square. Encountered





She Doesn't Understand...

This is Little Lai Tai of our Ping Hui School in Hong Kong. She had been abandoned.

Hunger, abandonment and lack of love have taught Lai Tai doesn't understand, but it still hurts.

Thousands of Canadian sponsor a child and provide the very necessities of life for them. It is the love of the children. They have found a little sense of happiness and purpose in getting to know their "adolescents".

Will you or your family sponsor a needy young child in one of our schools? It's a simple way where CCF of C has problem? Here are answers to some questions often asked:

Q. What does it cost to sponsor a child? A. Only \$35 per month. (Your gifts are tax deductible.)

Q. Are all the children in sponsorship? A. No, some live with their parents, some are orphans. The Family Helper Project does not expect to stay at home, rather than enter an orphanage.

Q. Will I receive a photograph of my child? A. Yes, and we encourage you to write to us and give us a description of the home or project where your child receives help.

Q. May I write to my child? A. Yes, in fact, your child will write to you.

Receipts for Income Tax are issued Promptly

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND of CANADA

1407 YONGE STREET, TORONTO, 7, CANADA

I would appreciate a copy of Yes No
I will give \$35 a month Yes No
I would like to increase the gift Yes No
I would like to decrease the gift Yes No
I would like to receive a photograph of a child less than 10 years old Yes No
 Please send me more information.

Previous

Next

a few weeks after you become a sponsor. You will receive a child's original letter, plus no. Child's identification, direct from the home or project overseas.

Q. How long has CCF been helping children? A. Since 1958.

Q. What type of projects does CCF support around the world? A. Besides the Orphanage and Family Helper Project, CCF has houses for the Mind, abandoned babies, homes, day care centres, homes for the elderly, women's centres, and many other types of projects.

Q. What help does the child receive from my support? A. In countries of great poverty, such as India, your gift will not support for a child alone, but other children in the same area. It will give the children benefits that otherwise they would not receive, such as: food, replacement, medical, plus adequate clothing, school supplies.

Q. What are the aims of CCF? A. Christian Children's Fund is an unpreceded, non-profit organization, regulated by a national Board of Directors. CCF cooperates with both government and non-governmental agencies, but is completely independent.

Children in our emergency aid this month live in Brazil, Hong Kong, Taiwan (Formosa), India, Philippines, Korea, Mexico.

INSIDE MACLEANS

The theme about magazine writers is that they spend too much of their time reading manuscripts that reflect the clothes of the American yuppie and dreaming that out there in the Canadian economy must be real people listening to the heart of the桂林 and writing about it in sufficient prose.

Every once in a long while this fantasy comes true and the editors receive such a manuscript that are able to publish it with something close to proprietary pride, as we do with David E. Lewis' article about politics in small business town, which begins on page 58 of this Macleans.

David Lewis is what's called in this trade a natural writer, that is, he has not climbed the snake path of success via never-dead, unattainable books, Chinese anchors and literary launching pads. He lives in Bragg Creek, B.C., the sunny Anagnosar Valley where he was born in red canoe back to that getting himself a degree in Acadia University and six years' experience having a business in Marquette. He writes about people he knows: "neath doors sitting where their mothers sit," people who have gladness in life and threatened his faith, and made him into what he's become. Which is a Bilingual radio, television, weekly newspaper columnist, CBC radio broadcaster, and now a grade 10 teacher at Lantz and English at the Windcroft Regional High School.

As far as we can make out he's based in his students in a may near big-city teachers have lost the feel for (who else do you know who's been given a Beavis and Butt-head pillow named Heinz by the grade 12 Latin class?). I never cease to wonder: "he wrote us in a letter describing his job, 'at the majority of kids. Dicks, in an English grammar class, I gave them a talk on using specific words instead of general ones. When it came time to give their essays, a public reading, one little guy stood up and read out his title 'My Dog'. I asked, 'Be specific. What kind of dog?' He cleared his throat and started again, 'My Bitch.' I had no choice but to give him an A."

And we have no choice but to recommend Mr. Lewis to you as a welcome addition to our nostalgic rural past but out of our good and easy present. ■

If your smile
is painted on...
this message
is for you.

Canada Health Directorate with the
slogan, "Watch Out for Life."

Topics for 10 different brochures:
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"How to live a happy home",
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THE WEEK OF THE GREAT ULTIMATUM

BY WALTER STEWART

Seven days in August in which Richard Nixon taught us two words — surcharge and please.



Open 'er up and see what she can do.

Open the front where most compact sedans store an engine. You'll find our Type 3 stores luggage.

Open the rear where most Volkswagen stores an engine. You'll find our Type 3 stores luggage.

Where's the engine? Underneath the rear trunk. (For better traction!)

Where's the carburetor?

There isn't any carburetor.

Instead, our fuel-injected engine uses a little computer to measure out only the gas you absolutely need. (About 1 gallon for every 31 miles!)

What you won't have any trouble finding are the front disc brakes. They're up front as standard equipment on every single Type 3.

we make

And there's no problem finding the gears.

Since our slick shift is synchromesh, you can go through speeds 1, 2, 3, and 4 as easy as 1, 2, 3.

And with its 65 hp engine, the Type 3 will cruise all day at 64 mph. But don't take our word for it.

Close 'er up and see what she can do for yourself!

There are events in the life of every country more significant in form than content. Long after they have been eclipsed from the headlines by the passage of time and the unfolding of subsequent events, we remember them not for what they were — a papal debate, a cabinet minister's romantic indiscretions — but for what they revealed about ourselves. Such an event was the surcharge crisis of August, 1971.

In May, 1956, when the House of Commons exploded over an \$80-million loan to a U.S.-controlled pipeline company, we learned about the corruptive influences on a political party of too much power, too long enjoyed. Ten years later, when the name Gerald Messinger reverberated through the corridors of parliament, we learned about the party human antagonists that exist barely suppressed among the more elevated political adversaries. And during the seven tumultuous days that followed President Richard Nixon's announcement last August that his government intended to take steps to strengthen the American economy which would seriously weaken our own, we discovered a new truth about our "special relationship" with the United States.

It was not a reassuring revelation. We learned that the trading rules by which we live, and on which the health of our economy so greatly depends, could be suspended abruptly and unilaterally by the American President and that there was little our own government could do to resist. As it turned out, the Americans eventually found other solutions to their economic problems, and although we agreed to bargin on some key issues — removing the safeguards on the Canadian-U.S. auto-trade pact, purchasing American defense equipment, increasing the duty-free exemptions for Canadian tourists returning from the United States — we seem to have emerged from the crisis relatively unscathed. Still, if our economy remains intact so, too, is the vulnerability that was revealed during the seven days of August 13 to 19. Our relationship with the United States is exactly as it was then: what can never

be the same is our perception of that relationship.

Here is what happened day by day, dated by date and what it revealed about where Canada stands.

FIRST DAY: Just after 1 p.m. on Friday, August 13, a long black limousine pulled up to the secluded main entrance of the White House in Washington. A door opened and presidential speech writer William Safire and presidential economic adviser Herbert Stein scuttled out of the building and into the car. It rolled down Executive Avenue and onto Pennsylvania, on the road to Aransaso's naval base, where a helicopter was waiting to lift the pair 65 miles north to Camp David, the President's Catskill Mountain retreat in Maryland. Stein helicopter often take off directly from the White House lawn, it seemed to Safire a popular way to travel and he wanted to know, privately, what the hell was going on. Stein said this solemnly, "This could be the most important weekend in economic history since May 4, 1933." That was the day Franklin Delano Roosevelt had unilaterally his New Deal. Safire was daily impressed.

He remained an two hours later, when he walked into the living room of Aspin, the President's cottage at Camp David, where Nixon, in a soft-blue sports jacket, sat surrounded by all his top economic advisers. On his right was John Connally, the hard, headstrong new Secretary of the Treasury, a man, according to White House gossip, Nixon not only suspected but held in awe. Next to Connally was Arthur Burns, chairman of the Federal Reserve Board — the U.S. equivalent of the Bank of Canada — and an outspoken critic of standard economic policy then in vogue. George Shultz, chief of the budget bureau and architect of Nixon's hands-off-the-economy policy, was there, so were Paul McCracken, then chairman of the Council of Economic Advisors, Caspar Weinberger, Shultz' deputy, Paul Volcker, Connally's deputy, and presidential aides Pete Peterson, H. R. Haldeman and John Ehrlichman. Suddenly the / continued on page 66

The Volkswagen Type 3

WHAT DID YOU DO DURING THE SURGEON GENERAL'S CHARGE WAR, DADDY?

That is to say, where were Pierre Trudeau, Ben Benson, Mitchell Sharp and Bud Drury when Richard Nixon, John Culy, Arthur Burns and George Shultz were minding the Canadian economy?

Fri
13



Sat
14



Sun
15



Mon
16



Tues
17



Wed
18



Thurs
19



THE TRANSFORMATION OF ANNE LONG OF GORDON'S BEACH, BC

BY ANNA BANANA

Home is where the good vibes take you

*There comes a point in every life when the world seems so alien that you begin to look for an escape route out. The east passes, the struggle to escape, the Japan, the novelties, the wild, eccentric, as Kozu and I, but which one of us who in our hearts have secret escape plans, ever realize where? That is, give up the job at the agency and buy this house, write that book someday, and around the world, look to and follow the secret call. Very few, very few. On the following pages fresh winds from the heartland. Two women who, having had it, got out once and for all. So eat your hearts out, gnomes! And while you're at it, get another *Beacon*.*

All right, so what's Anne Long? That's me, born in Victoria in 1940. Grew up there. Moved to Vancouver in the spring of '58, married that summer and became a teacher. Got promoted Staynd's house for two years with my child and personally demonstrated. Taught art at Mount Pleasant Elementary School but was "moved" from that school after the first year by the school board in order "that I might establish the desired disciplinary image." The next year, at Hastings School, I read the line a little more, got him involved with the kids, enjoyed it a lot, got my permanent teaching certificate and quit.

Then came the New School, Vancouver's own experimental programme school. I taught at the New School for the better part of three years, but "dropped out" after spending three days of the Easter recess doing a workshop at Eudora Institute in Big Sur, California. Something happened to me during my stay at Eudora, and five days after my return to Vancouver came the decision to quit teaching, marriage, motherhood, to go back down there and find out just what it all was. It was hard to leave, particularly my child, but it felt a lot like survival. On the first of May 1968, I left Vancouver in my newly acquired Volkswagen, but, with no idea of what story would unfold.

Ten days after my arrival at Eudora, during which time I worked in the garden, I was hired as a breakfast and lunch cook. It was new work to me, but relatively a breeze after 11 years of home cooking. I cooked for seven months then, took two off, on account of having some difficulties with American immigration authorities while on a visit north. Then I became the "laundry lady," and for the next eight months ran a two-washer, two-dryer laundry room which

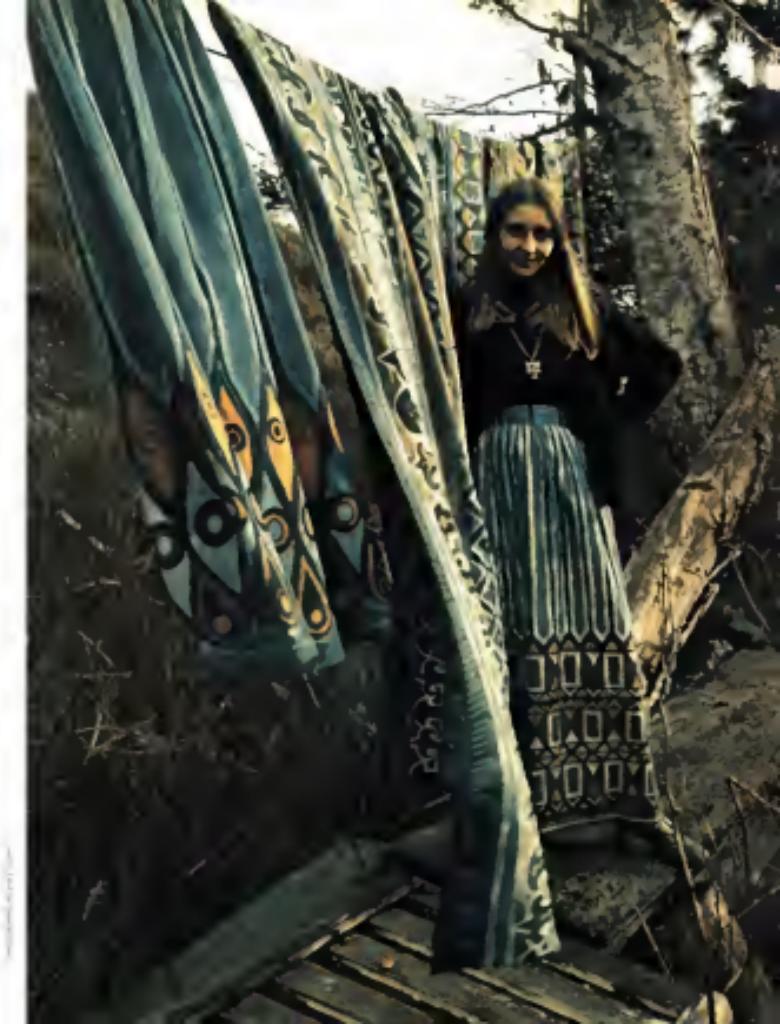
also became my bath studio (this, incidentally, is an Indonesian method of hand-peeling laundry) as well as a "free store" of handwoven and clothes, books, shoes and accessories too numerous to mention. It became known as the "Asian Restaurant of the Laundry Business" and attracted the patronage of residents up and down the coast, not just Eudora staff and guests. However, I got a little tired of doing laundry, and in September gave up the laundry room to become a masseuse, having spent the previous few months learning the art. In October I spent four weeks in Eaton's Resident Program, a four-month program intra-group leaders. My four weeks was long enough to demonstrate that this was something I did not wish to become, and I went happily back to my massage work.

Along with these "occupational" activities I spent a great deal of time drawing, reading, thinking. I examined my views and feelings from a new perspective, trying to find out just exactly who the hell I was. I allowed myself to know a rather perverse being: friends often referred to as Anna Banana. I learned to play a flute, and even let myself sing a little at parties. I came to like myself.

Just before Christmas, 1970, I left Big Sur to come back to Canada. I started out here living in my father's summer cabin at Shuswapian Lake, a much more deserted locale than Sooke where I've come to live since. The first thing I did there was prepare my work, drawings and books I had done in Big Sur, for a showing in the Mary Frazer Gallery in Vancouver.

After the show was over (I made the grand sum of \$35) I settled into my schedule of two days per week in Victoria, an freelance masseuse in a local spa to earn me a meager living, with the other five being spent in the blissful winterless silence-free-snow-free of the Shuswapian Lake cabin. There, I heated with wood in a wonderful old stand-up wood heater — Bowesnor Circulator — with non-glass windows in the door of the furnace, and carried my water in from the lake in buckets (the pump system being shut down on account of winter freezing). In this peaceful, beautiful place, I spent many long hours producing a considerable quantity of beautifully unstable batik and fiber art.

Then spring started settling in and the family was visiting to use the cabin, so I was off and running, house hunting. I knew it had to be very cheap, and it had to be on the water. What I found was a \$35-a-month surreptitious spot, perched at the very edge of Gordon's Beach, with an expansive view in both directions, ocean on front, edged with Olympic mountains along the bottom. / continued on page 46



THE LIBERATION OF FLORENCE JULIEN OF BRIGHAM, QUE.

BY FLORENCE JULIEN

Home is the choice you make about yourself

You couldn't call me a dropout from the affluent society, because I never was in it. By temperament I am an a-haussewoman but a poet—and you know what that means.

In 1950 my husband and I separated, and I was left at age 30 with three young children to bring up. Total income: \$70 per month. So far I was a newcomer to the American scene — I married a French Canadian in England and came here after the war. — I did not know the ropes. Having no relatives here but a few back on and no one to help me find a home, I had to gut what shanty I could for our small family. After a great sever of nature, I finally managed to persuade a farmer in Brigham, Quebec, to rent me an abandoned shack on his land for seven dollars a month.

Brigham is a tiny village, about 250 people, three miles from Actonville, which is half way between Montreal and Sherbrooke. Actonville is a farming parish of 350 families. Fifty years ago it was half and half English and French, having been founded by the Adams family who owned the biggest farm in the area. Today, half for myself and one or two others, it is entirely French. My husband, the farmer who rented me the shack, was a French Canadian who was very prosperous, having inherited two rich farms from his thrifty father. His grandfather founded the parish. There was no sewer or plumbing, and in winter snow would sweep through the walls and frost lay on the floor. But I was able to get a few charity Cummings' sacks and there I packed up some used oil cans for a dollar apiece and they did well as protective diapers on the walls and eags on the floors. At a mile I found a zinc boiler in which to pack snow to make water. Having no piping in winter — and in winter no access to a well — it was necessary for us to melt snow for washing purposes. For drinking water I went to the fountain and got a pailful of their fresh spring water.

Life was not too bad. I had read in an old book somewhere that what counts is not the number of poor possessions but the attitude of mind you bring to them. My first poem ever to be accepted was written in that shack, standing on a chair to keep my feet off the frozen floor, in a temperature of 30 below zero. But the act of creation so enthused and warmed me that I hardly noticed the cold. We heated the shack with an old woodburning stove that gave out a tiny crackle. Though I had a supply of dry

wood each fall, I never had quite enough to last out the long winter and then we had to heat through the woods, wading through deep snow looking for fallen dry branches of elms, birch, maple. Maybe all the hard effort of digging snow so much at and wood-burning (though I groused at it at the time) kept us healthy. I know I never had a minute to feel sorry for myself. All my efforts, energy, time, were expended in just existing.

For many years we lived like this. Food was cheap and simple: oatmeal porridge with brown sugar and milk; wild blackberries and raspberries in late summer, which I gathered to make delicious jams for the winter. The landlord let me tap 10 of his sugar maple trees in March when the sweet sap ran — so that I made our own maple syrup on the old kettles over the stone; it was fit for the gods.

That old wood stove had a good oven so I made our own bread, too, with sour milk or whey which I got from our landlord, cheaply. I invented my own recipe, using stone-ground whole wheat flour. The result was a soft, studded and satisfying bread which went well with our home-made maple syrup, the syrup of course was 100% pure sap, not a drop of water or sugar added. During the maple-sap-gathering season — two or three weeks toward the end of March — the children and I had to keep saying from time to time to catch every precious drop of that sap so that none should be lost.

Back in England I had an aunt and cousins who wondered much of the strangeness why we were living. In my letter they commanded me to move to the city, get an office job, place the children in an institution "where they would be warmer" and where they would have at least running water. But I told them I was not made for city life. I would have choked to death in dark streets. Nor was I made for the cage-to-cage routine. I am a writer and live in a watery way — not exactly bohemian but a way where you suddenly have off your shapadda, where you've been perch'd wriggle the snow block off the ceiling, to get down an aisle. The people who live all around are trim and orderly, and their houses are spick and span and gleam with polish. Even with 19 children trudging snow in and out these French housewives manage to keep their bodies spotless and looking like the ads for floor polish in Cheltenham. Their perfection is my despair — I could never get a home looking like that — but they have an innate gift for understatement and modesty. I work now and when the road comes on me maybe at five in the morning, inspired by what the Graila called my-fingernails down, or maybe till I continued on page 52



PHOTOGRAPH BY GUY LAFON



YOU HAVE TO GO HOME AGAIN

BY JACK LUDWIG

How else are you going to know that Winnipeg is still the Main Street of your mind?

Your hometown is your hometown, like the big, first business keeps one foot on no matter how far he stretches. Nobody she can know the hometown you know, which is as private as the cultural elephant has had in the last few decades to keep their bodies growing. If anyone comes searching for a particular hometown, of course, he'll never find it and will conclude you're becoming peculiar delusions. What's all the Winnipeggie squatting? I hear from pretty sophisticated people all over, and their eyes glint a little longer, a little heat, maybe even a little amusement. It's a road city like any other small city, which I always hear in "What's the Waiting Wall?" A Waiting Wall like any other Waiting Wall?

Every couple of years I go back home because I want to, because there are great people in my town, and because at physical reality is like a huge pile whose every thickness and crumple I know as well as my own. The city I grew up in, went to school and university in, began to sing and write in.

When you don't live in your hometown, as I don't, you're always ready to show you the Big Change since you were home last. Usually the guide is some overinflated glad-handier. He drives me to a stretch of Main Street where, when I first saw it, powerlooms and second-hand joints abandoned, packed with wrinkled old clothes, electric guitars, pent-up saxophones, ringneck banjos, pip-looted accordions, hot and cold waffles, heat and cold typewriters. They're not there, but that's not what he's pointing to. Nor does he ask the flophouse, the geyser drums, the fog-widowed hotels, the gaping headquarters of the all-but-disappeared Communist Party or the spots still or once occupied by movie "houses" with great signs like the Starlight, Colorado, Regent, Beacon, Bijou, which all played, when I was growing up, the same Leon Gieben or Tom Mix movies — or Tatum



some far reach of town, lop up the geegaw-eyed street whores, erase all the misspellings on the men's room walls, miraculously change the fiddish anthropoids on the fleshing room jobsworths to Rolling Stones and Bob Dylan collector's items. Listen! He could convert crusty bobby Mayor John into some kind of silent meditation freak — and still Main Street would be Main Street.

Urban renewal friends such inevitable delusions. Does my guide really believe tanning down the old city hall that looked like a gingerbread park pavilion or Victoria's railroad station deserved it forever? Doesn't he know that under Winnipeg's tilted bank of gleamy concrete, the Richardson Building, the old Dominion Theatre has sailing? Some dark night any old goat and I might excrete and exhume, just to prove the obvious point that the old driftly theatre sprawl still does impudent underground. Nothing's sacred, right? One of these days someone will try to smash Golden Boy off the "Fitzhugh" Buildings

The guide pushes my face toward these premium estates plus immortalizing this or that, a spout of fountain, a bobsleam of stone steps, a richness of fragile and done. "Wait, what do you think?" he says, beaming. Poor man. He doesn't understand. About Main Street, he means. He could have in the Taj Mahal on Main Street, coupled with Buckingham Palace, surrounded by Mad Sopranos, and Main Street would still be Main Street.

More! He could look up every crooked-bean lamp post and, his, here down every spaghetti kitchen, strike like one the Royal Alexandra Hotel so risen from its foundations with like to become a youth headed, a hippie squareone or a home for senior citizens, and Main Street would still be Main Street. Why? He could go as far as to fill in the side-heaving dip in the subway used to back shunting overhand CPR trains. He could cry, "Up against the Exchange Gile will, Main!" He could run the froblepped drunks into some far reach of town, lop up the geegaw-eyed street whores, erase all the misspellings on the men's room walls, miraculously change the fiddish anthropoids on the fleshing room jobsworths to Rolling Stones and Bob Dylan collector's items. Listen! He could convert crusty bobby Mayor John into some kind of silent meditation freak — and still Main Street would be Main Street.

and leave the capital's old dome exposed, severely bald, obscenely naked. When that happens, no Winnipegger will believe it. As for Golden Boy, he doesn't need that done job any more. He's transformed into postcards, prints, official stationery, mosaics and man's eyes.

Urban renewal gushers never learn from experience. They bashed the old City Market from north Main, but what truck gardener or old horse left for that stuff? Was one single Mononote bashed? Or anyone who knows what farmer's cause turns like, or eggs four hours old, or butter hand-cultured and rawving crystal globules? My old neighbors Mr. Beyoncé and Mrs. Brink were? Fedid?

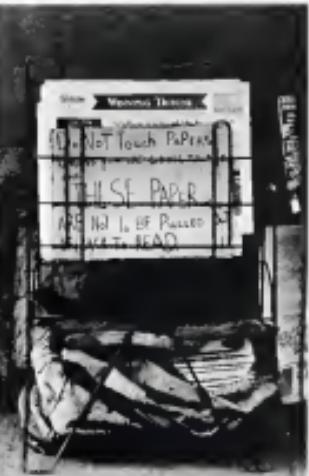
Mr. Beyoncé was a painter, a florist in the masonic hospitals. King George and Francis Elizabeth, where we used to stash away people with catchy diseases. Could give way to ed and Mr. Beyoncé's god named a bit. His friend Bertrand Mr. Beyoncé was never what the city thought he was. In his heart of hearts Mr. Beyoncé had always been a genius at growing things. In the Ukraine, where he was born, that meant growing fruit. So what did he care if Winnipeg had winters longer than a woman's normal pregnancy? Or that lack swinging Tambourish had up delicate plumb-tree branches; or wet snow gathered hill something tough but fragile had to grow? Mr. Beyoncé was ribbon for his Continental emblem, tiny finished with grapes and apples and plums and pears — as great a miracle as growing Durhams wheat in the middle of the Sahara. So if someone comes searching for my hometown Winnipeg and doesn't meet Mr. Beyoncé, how can he know the town?

And Mrs. Brink, whose house played left wing on a line with ours at centre and Mr. Beyoncé on right wing. Who would have the lottery ticket to find Mrs. Brink? Just as the old City Hall is still there, in spite of what some people think, so I — in spite of all my years away from the street — still live next door, still "Jackie."

I spend a lot of time in university and other institutional areas. Looked many a such place over sometimes trying to think (if I might) a fraction of something. Mrs. Brink had had little school. But saying you're so wise I'll let her in on one of her reflections:

On cancer-curing ridiculousness. "How come, Jackie, they give the people something, and then they say it makes the cancer? They couldn't find out first what makes cancer, and then, if it don't, give it to the human being?"

On TV, newspaper, government pronouncements. "They so dumb they think we so dumb to believe everything!"



On Trudeau. "He always dress so nice, only I don't believe he's going do no much."

But in everywhere, the old town has that reassuring solidity. Winnipeg is still much like an assembly line, a conveyor belt on which blocks of spruce are loaded so that a massive sawmill stands at the output end. People come in from France and small prairie towns, new immigration troubles in new arrivals. American draft laws and military involvement accounted for a sprightly infusion in and around the university (of Manitoba — my alma mater — and Winnipeg, formerly United College). The number coming in is more than balanced by those leaving for Vancouver, or Los Angeles, or Phoenix, Toronto, Montreal, Edmonton, Calgary. Busing the rail pathway to the west may only mean lots of people just passing and not going.

In every way, too, Winnipeg shares the fate of other small cities on the continental northwest that fit into a kind of housing system — New York, number one by a million light-years in the USA, then San Francisco, LA, Chicago, Toronto and Montreal far ahead of the pack is Canada, and then Vancouver, and Calgary. Winnipeg, Winnipeg, racing for existence. News and training and practice travel slowly in the continental packing order. Shock treatment is damped in New York, questioned in Toronto and Montreal, still the rage in places like Winnipeg. Neuro-psychiatrists who insist "hold tight, don't rock the boat" are hot one of many points of view in the big towns, to be countered and quashed by people counseling bar-out or change-everything. By the time the counterculture actually arrives in places like Winnipeg, it's possible that some entirely new understanding may exist.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES H. BROWN

elsewhere. Observations like this make people in Winnepegwan prairie to think the local prairie is not stable, nor out of touch with new realities.

I have to say now, complex subjects arrive in the old hometown simplified and sometimes unbalanced. People in Winnipeg still talk about LSD or related substances "blowing your mind" when in the places where all the "fun" started, you now talk of "blowing your life". Unquestioned connection between drugs and art seems to be fading. You, during discussions with students, as points of view, may have heard elsewhere, for example, that "Winnipeg is a very safe city" can take Timothy Leary seriously. In Winnipeg also, patients who want to be teenagers let the old horse-vo-got-bit pass out and parallel patches for speed and shooting up at "Interstates" - they're two options or establishments to "skip".

At the University of Maine I studied the materials in a question period by saying I was absolutely in agreement between drugs and art, that is, the laws of my poet or painter or musician who had been made an artist by drugs, that the next time they came across a great novel or poem or grace of sculpture produced by "experience." This business of "consciousness" and "mental expansion" and all these other phrases were used to bring without embarrassment several years ago they should were up. Oh let me tell, Timothy Leary, who should be the first to know,

Away from the university other strange points of view, new to me of much more interesting versions of things I had heard before, made me wonder. I spent a lot of time in other parts of it, sitting the drivers in the telling. I have been to Georgia or Mississippi—George Washington country, in fact. Telling some of the crazy parts in Men Street the ebony spoke to me in the comfortable cows and men when the listener is guessing what he wants to hear.

"If it was up to me I'd have these Mutts up at shoe store. Drunks all day long. Bringing U.S. into an uproar. I hear the police really work there over when they last there passed out on the sidewalks. We get visitors from the east and from the States — should look like a city. Stop them out on the streets. They're not here to buy anything. They don't have to look at them or breathe their perfume. For glad I work for a company that doesn't usually call off the fat cat north. Our clientele goes to the Wootton Club, private parties in the big houses. You never get lost or afraid of catching anything from them."

This sort of thing isn't worth a trip home, but it's way of expanding the frontier of consciousness. What is worth the trip, and doubly so after you've had experiences of the poisonous anti-Maha substance, are the signs of awareness, intent, imagination and energy in Prema.

Edward Schreyer's three-year-old government

Ed Schreyer's people were familiar to me, not only because I knew some of them personally but because I recognized in them the same contempt and ingratitude found in John Kennedy's men in 1960. There, for certain, were people who knew that only by being part of the new era could you avoid being part of the problem. Like Ed Kennedy, Ed Schreyer is a political man who likes political action, starts with being elected. Some NEDPM do go for action, however, having learned to love less than 10 causes.

Not that a vigorous young premier can erase left-wing signs that Winnipeg is just another long extended wing of the Adonis in the midwest, the middle of nowhere. Some 19,000 people responded to a newspaper asking the provincial government to rescind its invitation to John Leinenweber and Volker Oeser for Manitoba's Centennial celebrations, the ones that cracked down on poster that featured a roll of toilet paper.

Yet here's old Winnipeg, 1972, the first city on the North American continent to have a transit system that complies with community consultation and participation. It's called a transit city concept and when it comes on with the new year, it'll bring 12 new stops, 12 new interchanges and integrated transportation services, plus the promise of very heavy traffic. It will cost more than \$45,000, making it Canada's fourth-largest city.

So Winnipeg will go public, anyway — if it ever will. In fact, one look at an average long-distance-tractor-trailer freight train is enough to prove that about all the Canadian midwest is all but erased. Right near a local information office, Guelph-like, a cluster of stores which

rounded off with rounded
ends, with a small
circular opening in the
center. The door is
slightly recessed, and
is made of a single
sheet of metal. The
interior of the house
is divided into two
rooms, the front room
being larger and having
a small window. The
back room is smaller
and has no window.
The house is surrounded
by a low wall, and
there is a small entrance
to the rear. The roof
is made of corrugated
iron, and the walls
are made of concrete.
The house is located
in a rural area, and
there are trees and
bushes in the background.
The house is in good
condition, and appears
to be well-maintained.

It wasn't, though, R. like the old City Hall and Gold Boy and the new prime minister, is part of the hometown reality. Like everybody else, residing or straying, I have to relate it out from time to time, just to make sure it's still real.

THE BANKERS

PART TWO



The \$50-million undertaking, photographed for the first time in any of their three-year meetings with Bank of Canada Governor Louis St. Laurent, are the heads of Canada's chartered banks, representing the greatest financial power in the country. Standing from left: E. Hale McLaughlin, chairman of the Royal; J. P. A. Washburn, president of the Commerce (holding for Chairman Rev. McPherson); Allen T. Lambert, chairman of the Toronto-Dominion; P. H. Austin, president of the Mercantile; Arnold Hart, chairman of the Bank of Montreal; Albert E. Hill, chairman of the Bank of British Columbia. Louis Abbott, president of the Banque Canadienne Nationale, and Leo Léveillé, president of the Provincial Bank of Canada. Mr. Abbott is seated at left with Senate Deputy Governor J. P. Beazley, now retired. Abbott, a representative from the Bank of Nova Scotia, whose chairman, F. William Nichols, died in January.

Whenever Canada is examined as a society, it is almost always considered in terms of its friendly crises, bicultural problems, or the agencies as a small nation in fiscal or social or artistic overdeveloped regions. It is rarely viewed through the prism of its status as one of the world's most successful capitalist states. Yet, that's what we are — a capitalist society run by all such societies by a cluster of overlapping élites.

A case could be made that the most important of these clubs — certainly measured by its financial power — is made up of the 361 directors of the eight Canadian-owned chartered banks. They put their mark not only on banking policies but on just about every significant business decision in the country.

The banks distill business power, their board members hold among them some 3,000 corporate directorships, representing assets of about \$38 billion.

The bank directors are almost unknown publicly, but they deserve as much praise or blame for the state of the Canadian economy as the finance minister himself. They have no spokesman and are only vaguely accountable for their actions. Still, they go about their business in a remarkably similar manner, reflecting shared ideals in habits of thought and action. They are drawn from a self-perpetuating and immensely powerful social enclave. Yet there is a paradoxical handicap for them belonging to an élite which measures its dynamism through an incessant, exciting jousting for the most concentrated of very wealthy executives. The three largest of the eight Canadian-owned banks — The Royal, the Bank of Commerce and the Montreal — control 70% of all banking assets. According to R. G. D. Lafferty, a Montreal investment counselor and an ardent critic of the banks, the banking system is a highly concentrated, oligarchic structure with overwhelming interests that employ restrictive practices to prevent new competition and encourage from challenging its dominant position.¹

BY PETER C. NEWMAN

be difficult even for Lafferty to exaggerate the importance of bank boardrooms as concentrating forces of corporate power. The Bank of Montreal, for example, has 33 board members who, among them, hold 455 corporate directorships, representing holdings of \$124.9 billion. Each bank has a special relationship with selected underwriters, law firms, auditing houses and large key interests companies (see the 17 largest Canadian insurance firms). Under the 1967 revision of the Bank Act, the banks are allowed to own only 10% of trust companies, but each of the Big Five maintains very close contacts with one of the large trust organizations.

When you're operating in a oligopolistic financial climate like this, what matters is who you know, whom you can persuade, how you can turn deals to the mutual advantage of both lenders and borrowers. The idea is always to be extracting your needs, consolidating your contacts, trading information, knowing something that somebody else doesn't know — for watching competitors jump when they find out about it. There is no shortage of money at that level. What counts is knowing exactly how to move it to achieve the most effective results. That's why it's knowledge, not money, that truly creates power.

The men who supply that knowledge are the bank directors. They are agents of the intelligence network which keeps any bank in contact with what's happening in its own industry — who's who in the business, who's moving up, who's moving down, the prospects are as new banking business.

Businessmen agree on bank boards the way politicians agree on the Senate, and most agree on another: no matter the honor wait the mandatory passing age of 75. (The late Colonel R. F. McLaughlin, for instance, was a Toronto-Dominion director from 1947 to 1959 and 20-year successors are not uncommon.) "For a Canadian, becoming a bank director," says Charles Rutherford, the head of Canadian International Comstock Company, who recently joined the board of the Royal, "is the natural end of one's business career. The banks are very powerful in the sense that no individual in Canada, to my mind, can do much without the support of the chartered banks. I hope there'll always be room in the country for the banks to support the individual entrepreneur."

The officials put both ways. "Our directors are of considerable help to management," says John Colman, 44-year chairman of the Royal. "The product of banking is / continued on page 74

BOARDROOM POWER:

THE TOP 100 BANK DIRECTORS

NAME	NUMBER OF BOARDS	ASSETS OF COMPANIES INVOLVED	MAIN CORPORATE INTEREST
McLaughlin, N.E.	23	\$31,349,000,000	Royal Bank
Connelly, J.M.	20	25,457,000,000	Royal Bank
Wingrove, H.S.	18	20,376,000,000	International Nickel Co.
Sunder, L.B.	20	16,185,000,000	General Foods
Har, S.R.	18	16,777,000,000	Bank of Montreal
Matthews, B.	14	16,415,000,000	McCarthy & McCarthy
Roland, L.B.	18	16,205,000,000	Reliant Paper Co.
Whitlock, G.W.	27	12,794,000,000	Canadian Import Ltd.
Morse, J.H.	8	12,311,000,000	Brentwood Corp.
Kerr, J.M.	9	12,096,000,000	Trans-Canada Pipelines
Gowen, F.M.	29	12,816,000,000	Stewart, Macleod & Davies
Macrae, A.F.	29	16,316,000,000	AFC, Mayne & Kerr
Winkler, M.	5	16,810,000,000	Bell Canada
Latte, H.H.	15	16,771,000,000	Bio-Port of Canada
Monks, A.	15	16,327,000,000	St. Lawrence, Montreal & Western
Sindtar, J.	8	15,571,000,000	Canada Carpenters' Lumber
Drummond, N.R.	23	15,504,000,000	Canadian Pacific
Peterson, A.R.	9	16,466,000,000	Indulco Mines
Leitch, J.D.	10	16,369,000,000	Upper Lakes Shipping
Crawford, R.P.	16	15,201,000,000	Veritasco Ltd.
Smith, J.D.	6	16,165,000,000	General General Electric
Schoeniger, W.F.	7	15,187,000,000	Bell Canada
Richardson, S.T.	24	15,084,000,000	James Richardson & Sons
Macmillan, M.M.	7	14,769,000,000	Reedco (Charmill Co.)
McDermott, J.A.	20	14,602,000,000	Anglo-Gold
Staley, V.W.	6	14,600,000,000	Steel Co. of Canada
Morning, R.C.	11	14,522,000,000	MTS Systems Research
Latif, K.A.	7	14,359,000,000	Genetics International
Arbuckle, R.A.	25	14,276,000,000	Arbuckle, Devitt & Co.
Outsop, J.P.A.	15	14,179,000,000	Morgan, Outop & Hare
Clark, J.V.	5	14,195,000,000	Macmillan Bloedel Ltd.
Cooper, R.W.	10	14,123,000,000	Cooper Construction Co.
Outsop, J.L.L.	17	14,127,000,000	Outop, Hare, Clark & Webster
Lambert, A.T.	21	13,994,000,000	Toronto-Dominion Bank
Orsini, G.	16	13,980,000,000	Admiralty
Thomson, P.H.	43	13,695,000,000	Pomer Computer
Pawis, A.	25	13,619,000,000	Noranda Mines
Robins, P.G.	8	13,594,000,000	Green Diamond Cos.
Devlin, N.V.	6	13,545,000,000	Alcan Aluminum Ltd.
McNaughton, G.H.	7	13,374,000,000	Ontario Electricity Co.
McLaughlin, T.M.	3	13,146,000,000	Rateco/Insurance Trust
Leitch, A.S.	12	13,116,000,000	Federal Grain Ltd.
Farthing, C.L.	9	12,962,000,000	Edm. International Contractors
Trotter, W.D.	3	12,903,000,000	Imperial Oil
Resnick, I.W.	9	12,889,000,000	Quintus
Whitlock, J.G.	17	12,819,000,000	Westmount Life
Geulich, J.J.	2	12,870,000,000	Quebec's University
Hannigan, J.E.	8	12,786,000,000	BC Telephone
Monson, H. de M.	6	12,741,000,000	Mapco Industrial Ltd.
MacIntosh, A.J.	12	12,707,000,000	Bache, Gosselin & Gosselin

NAME	NUMBER OF BOARDS	ASSETS OF COMPANIES INVOLVED	MAIN CORPORATE INTEREST
Lomax, L.S.	9	\$12,685,000,000	Konica Mfg.
West, E.G.	12	12,635,000,000	Centrair Ltd.
Ayer, W.M.V.	6	12,618,000,000	Calgary Pipe & Steel Ltd.
Cooper, M.A.	28	12,575,000,000	Four Seasons Hotels & Resorts Ltd.
Taylor, E.P.	17	12,562,000,000	New Providence Dev. Corp.
Nansen, A.B.	6	12,531,000,000	Modis (On) Canada Ltd.
Shankleman, P.	31	12,487,000,000	MetLife Diagnostics Ltd.
Terry, J.S.	17	12,435,000,000	Terry, Gosselin & Harrington
Woodward, C.N.	6	12,395,000,000	Rhinehart Stores
Forrest, A.L.	10	12,343,000,000	Admiral Corp. Ltd.
Reid, T.J.	8	12,331,000,000	Abitibi Paper
Holmes, D.B.	12	12,210,000,000	Algoma Steel Corp.
MacIntosh, P.C.	4	12,200,000,000	Scotiabank Services Ltd.
Holm, A.B.	4	12,158,000,000	Sun Life Assurance
Lee, K.C.	2	12,120,000,000	Centrair Life Assurance
Christopher, A.B.	13	12,277,000,000	Horizon Leacionalis Ltd.
Elay, O.S.	12	12,202,000,000	Government Teachers' Ltd.
Emery, J.C.	7	12,192,000,000	Electro-Canada Ltd.
Therriault, A.H.	3	12,176,000,000	Horizon Pension Fund
Simpson, J.D.	5	12,049,000,000	Placer Development
Burnett, G.R.	7	12,146,000,000	Impresco Ltd.
MacDonald, P.J.P.	12	12,139,000,000	Miller & Blair
Dalyton, T.G.	9	12,102,000,000	Retired (Kanata) Reit
Reid, K.H.E.	8	12,044,000,000	First of Canada
Lukensmith, R.	12	11,970,000,000	Lukensmith, Bala, Marville
Perri, P.	6	11,896,000,000	Imperial Life
Macdonald, H.C.P.	11	11,842,000,000	Ottar, Andre & Harrington
Outop, A.H.	9	11,807,000,000	Outop, Outop, Partnership
Peterson, C.A.	7	11,823,000,000	Interletronics Ltd.
McMahon, J.M.	3	11,819,000,000	Parke (West Coast Trans.)
Widmer, J.P.R.	11	11,786,000,000	Confidental Life
Hannigan, S.M.	6	11,720,000,000	Imperial Optical Co.
Anderman, O.S.	13	11,678,000,000	Mobile Centres
McLellan, T.H.	14	11,663,000,000	Canada Savings Lines
McLennan, W.H.	4	11,636,000,000	Canada Parkway
MacKinnon, J.C.	25	11,596,000,000	Nova Scotia Light & Power
Blackwood, J.H.	3	11,577,000,000	De Pointe Canada
Worrell, E.H.	2	11,528,000,000	Bank of Commerce
Stevens, G.R.	6	11,498,000,000	Philips & Co.
Stevens, C.W.	6	11,368,000,000	Commissariat, Calti, Wheel Bar
Hannigan, T.L.	18	11,338,000,000	A.E. Hanna's Co.
Black, G.O.Jr.	8	11,308,000,000	Business Companys
Thomson, H.W.	6	11,298,000,000	Bank of Commerce
Stodd, R.P.	25	11,214,000,000	Edmonton, Bala, Temiskaming
Prater, H.C.	8	11,278,000,000	Bankers Trust Group & Mortgaries Co.
Perkins, R.	8	11,149,000,000	Northern Industries Ltd.
Bellis, A.W.	6	11,119,000,000	Rowe Co. Ltd.
Moore, T.P.	3	11,112,000,000	Retired (Imperial) Co.
Best, M.A.	4	11,099,000,000	John East Iron Works
Turley, P.M.	4	11,091,000,000	Bank of Commerce

CODE KEY:
THE BANK CONNECTIONS OF EACH DIRECTOR
IS SHOWN BY A BAR OF COLOR:

ROYAL BANK	
THE COMMERCE	
BANK OF MONTREAL	

Canada's eight chartered banks (the Manicou which is a subsidiary of New York's First National City Bank is not included in this survey) have a total of 261 directors; among them they hold 3,152 directorships of corporations, representing \$581.1 billion in assets. The accompanying list shows the top 100 bank directors (ranked according to assets of companies involved) with their banking connections and their corporate interests. The degree of concentration of corporate power represented in the boardrooms of the three largest banks becomes clear through this tabulation, which shows that 44 of the directors listed sit on the board of the Royal and 18 on the board of the Bank of Montreal.

At the top of the list is Earle McLaughlin, chairman and president of the Royal Bank of Canada, largely because he also sits on the board of General Motors Corp. (Detroit). Earle McLaughlin succeeded the late Col. Sir Sam MacLennan of Ottawa, his first cousin once removed, in this post.

Some highly influential businesses are not on the list because their major interests are in private corporations which do not make public their senior positions. This is why David Kinnar, chairman of the T. Eaton Company and a Bank of Montreal director; C. R. Bradburn, head of the House of Scriven and a Bank of Montreal director; Leo Koster, head of the Sengen-owned CEMP Investment Ltd. and a Toronto-Dominion director; and N. M. Davis, head of N. M. Davis Corp. and a Commerce director, are not included.

The Canadian who sits on the largest number of corporate boards is J. J. Jodrey, president of the Nova Scotia Power and Power Company of Dartmouth, NS. He holds 49 directorships, including the Bank of Nova Scotia, but there are too many private companies to give him an assured place among the top 100 businesses listed. ■

THE NEW MACHISMO!

BY CHRISTINA NEWMAN

What every Gringo has to have this year



A couple of days before the picture of Bruno Genna, which appears on the cover of this *Machismo*, I was taken — at a bar where I was worrying the sins of the new machismo around in my mind — to see a man who by his very presence brought the whole subject into focus. It was a fellow I'd met in midtown Toronto, who, sitting all the waiters in the restaurant, was the picture in the bar, standing around outside in the snow waiting for their offering to a more or less important was this guy in the prime of his years, middle size, a junior partner in an important law firm, maybe, or a stockholder from one of the big downtown houses, wearing an expensive navy-blue sweater and a cap. He was born in the number of somebody who plays a lot of sports and he had this great Celtic coloring, thick black hair, strong when around the ears and gray-green eyes, but he looked so thoughtful, so serious, so determined, so strong, in thought, in another bar, he might have gone to KMC and ended up

NOVA SCOTIA SOUL.

Like his great funky style reflects the writing of 'bold-out' Canadian and the most gray polyglotism of Mexico. 'The style as you are it leaves alone. Long time in the mountains of Nova Scotia who have felt the Great Down. The Road graduate.' 'There she may become an eminent senior.' says Long

as a lieutenant-colonel in the Queen's Own, which is probably what his grandfather was. I kept staring at him until he noticed in a crowded restaurant in front we might know each other, but what I was thinking would not have pleased him.

I was trying hard to figure out why it was that 10 years ago I would have passed him the handshakes rats. I'd use all words and now the way he looked was somehow queer. He was just too handsome, too burly, too controlled. I mean, you couldn't imagine him swearing or swearing [except in the confines of the Badminton and Racquet] or — well, you get the idea. He just didn't have it.

Before I go on, I'd better explain that I don't think my response was perfectly unusual even in that weird crowd. If I were rusty enough to check the school days and better, 'Hey, I'm raising a son and the first prize is your choice of Bruno Genna or this



UPTOWN COWBOY

John Larivière to Canada from Montreal to set up a leather craft shop. He is a macho because he likes it and a natural instinct of action he does. 'I made my own clothes because I would like to be comfortable. The image I project comes out of freedom, independence and the way I live.' From Gena to Gena around it and Jim Wright in Malibou Creek brought it all Open

but it ended up being applied to everybody from the bold John Diefenbaker and over small-town audiences on the Prairies to likely bachelors probing ebony incense and Hong Kong silks.) Machismo — which is derived from the Spanish *macho* meaning male and is an integral part of the image of Mexico — is all in its media infancy.

Not a month I've seen or heard it used to describe two-toned colbalt-hued shirts worn by dudes in Devo, Derek Starcher's sick handbag and any number of cool stagewear, subliminal attitudes and sideways glances induced in by the kind of chauvinistic males that the Women of Liberian disease.

The old authentic machismo, the Mexican kind, comes out of the heart of that country's lifestyle which is what the sanguine call manhood and patriarchal — er, the woman of the family keeps everybody going by providing love and liabilities but the man's word is law. Within this

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DON NEWMAN



Latin Dude

*Alison Brown, *Latin Dude*, 1980, acrylic on canvas, 48 x 60 in.*

Dig it. "I remount the grader. The guys that constructed the quarry with a truck at first, also make up all the construction at the lower levels. They are the ones that appear most often. They are not anonymous. In the heavy-dressed, to you know, society

culture, a man's worth is reckoned in terms of his vehicles rather than his possessions. To the lower-class Mex can, to be macho or show machismo (macho/proud/pride) is more important than anything else. (And this is true to a lesser degree in most of the other countries of Latin America.) A man can prove his macho in many

ways—by physical prowess in defending his honor against all odds, by fighting bulls while dressed up magnificently in tight trousers before a staring crowd (and at the loll-shots of "macho, macho") are based in the early, the sexual component of many women (the truly macho men figures he can still the resolve of the most virtuous women with an eye flash at 50 feet) or by a reckless

disregard for money, intimacy and good sense.

What machismo means to the men who live by it (and

the women who suffer under it, for at its worst it breeds

brutality and profligate poverty through its thirst of the

work ethic) is illustrated in the culture's aphorisms—*"Tendré paciencia"* or *"He has points"* is a good thing to say about any hombre— and in proverbs like, "Never lead your gun, your horse or your women" (And whatever man that one up ought to be sentenced in 30 days in a small cell with Valerie Solanas and Betty Friedan).

A man can prove his macho in many

ways—by physical prowess in defending his honor against all odds, by fighting bulls while dressed up magnificently in tight trousers before a staring crowd (and at the loll-shots of "macho, macho") are based in the early, the sexual component of many women (the truly macho men figures he can still the resolve of the most virtuous women with an eye flash at 50 feet) or by a reckless

disregard for money, intimacy and good sense.

What machismo means to the men who live by it (and

the women who suffer under it, for at its worst it breeds

brutality and profligate poverty through its thirst of the

culture version, portraiture is something a little more complicated. By other names and in other genres, it's always been part of the working-class culture, rock singers, cowboys, machismo, machis, guys like that, are all natural macho roles. And these have been intellectual milestones of it for 40 years in the blood-and-guts aesthetics of Ernest Hemingway, James T. Farrell and Norman Mailer and their glorification of belligerence, pure machismo, belligerent belligerence, belligerent brawling and sexual subordination. (The earth moved. And it was good.) But since



URBAN OUTLAW

*Goya Alvarado, *Latin Outlaw*, 1980, oil on canvas, 48 x 60 in.*
"What means to do when the 'boring' idea of such culture makes us the Hell's Angels, and the machismo of the urban culture, and the influence of the European biker. Like us say, 'I don't worry about how I dress. Now to go further with this movie, I'm a man. It's simple.'

the late Sixties, and particularly in the last year, the machismo myth has gone beyond the literature into the cultural lifestyle of the middle class.

There are at least three interconnected reasons for this. Machismo is part of the urban guerrilla archetype of the New Left and militant Black movements in the U.S. and such related movements as the FLQ in Canada with their revolutionary heroes (Che Guevara, Regis Debray), their costumes of work shirts, gas belts, boots, their ugly uniforms, rough talk and machismo need to show how really tough (out front) they are. In true macho style, the men of the movement from the beginning refused women to the role of camp followers and their leaders, Stetson Carnesville, Eldridge Cleaver, Abbie Hoffman, made statements about women so ugly they were enough to earn the nickname of the most accomodating Aunt Tom Crews of the movement: women were too turned on to the aggres-

sion, ideal to put up with this oppression, and the radical feminist groups were the result. A small but noisy group of women began to trespass, bravely on the old machismo pastures, strong language, aggressive politics, free love, the independent life. Now to go further with this movie, I'm a man. It's simple.

saying that domestic aggression as manifested in the western's lib movement, both here and in the U.S., means in a certain kind of masculine mind an unearthing of the male's rightful role, and their response is to clamp down, to display their own supremacy, in become as Margaret Mead has described it "preserved into a display of male features." In other words, at a time when sexual roles are becoming more ambiguous, certain men lean harder on their masculinity. And this is what we're seeing now in the streets of North America — and in the pictures on these pages which show the archetypal macho / continued on page 72

VOUS AVEZ LA PAROLE



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Mon Oncle Keith

BY ERNA PARIS

What kind of job is Commissioner of Official Languages for a nice WASPish boy named Spicer?

Paris, 1954. A sense of political chaos. The Indo-Chinese war had just ended, the disastrous colonial war with Algeria had already begun, and the once-epic Peasant Republic had just ousted Pierre Mendès-France. In this twenty-first year of government, this much-bitter stepper, a 30-year-old Canadian, come to Ottawa to study French. He was a Toronto WASP from a traditional anglophone family, an impersonalistic bureaucrat, and, as the political factor dictated him, He read papers like *Le Monde* and the satirical *Caesar's Encore* and felt that the future of the world was being decided here. Sometimes he skipped classes to hang around the Quai d'Orsay on the banks of the Seine, waiting within view of the magnificence Pont Alexandre III and Louis XIV's Hôtel des Invalides to catch a glimpse of the rats who wereinking it up there. Mendès-France, whom most people remember as the man who pushed milk, became his personal hero, admired for his ability to take stands and let the chips fall. At the end of a year in this environment, the young student of literature became a socialist.

Ottawa, 1972. A time of political uncertainty. Pierre Elliott Trudeau is in his fourth year as prime minister, struggling unsuccessfully to keep Quebec within Confederation. Three years ago, rejecting the old, amateur theory of Quebec's place in Canada, his government drafted the Official Languages Act, an attempt to free itself again from its federal government agencies across the country, so that it is such places as St. Boniface, Manitoba, where there is a sufficient French majority, a French Canadian might be able to find someone at the local post office, for example, who could speak his language. It is a scarcely popular legislation. Apart from the English-speaking civil servants with high school French who fear for their upward mobility and the immigration Co-

mmission who cannot see why Spicer should be preferred in a second language over, say, Ukraine or Bahia. There are still those outraged citizens who cheerfully suggest that if French Canadians want to speak French they should move to some Pacific island like Australia, maybe. That's outside Quebec. Inside Quebec, Premier Robert Bourassa has indicated indifference to the fact that French-language bureaucrats beyond the provincial borders, and, in Red River, has proclaimed that, Official Languages Act or not, it will happen by 1976. At the centre of all this suspense and hostility, occupying the most difficult public service job in the country, if not the most impossible, is the impresario-like, resourceful man from Toronto.

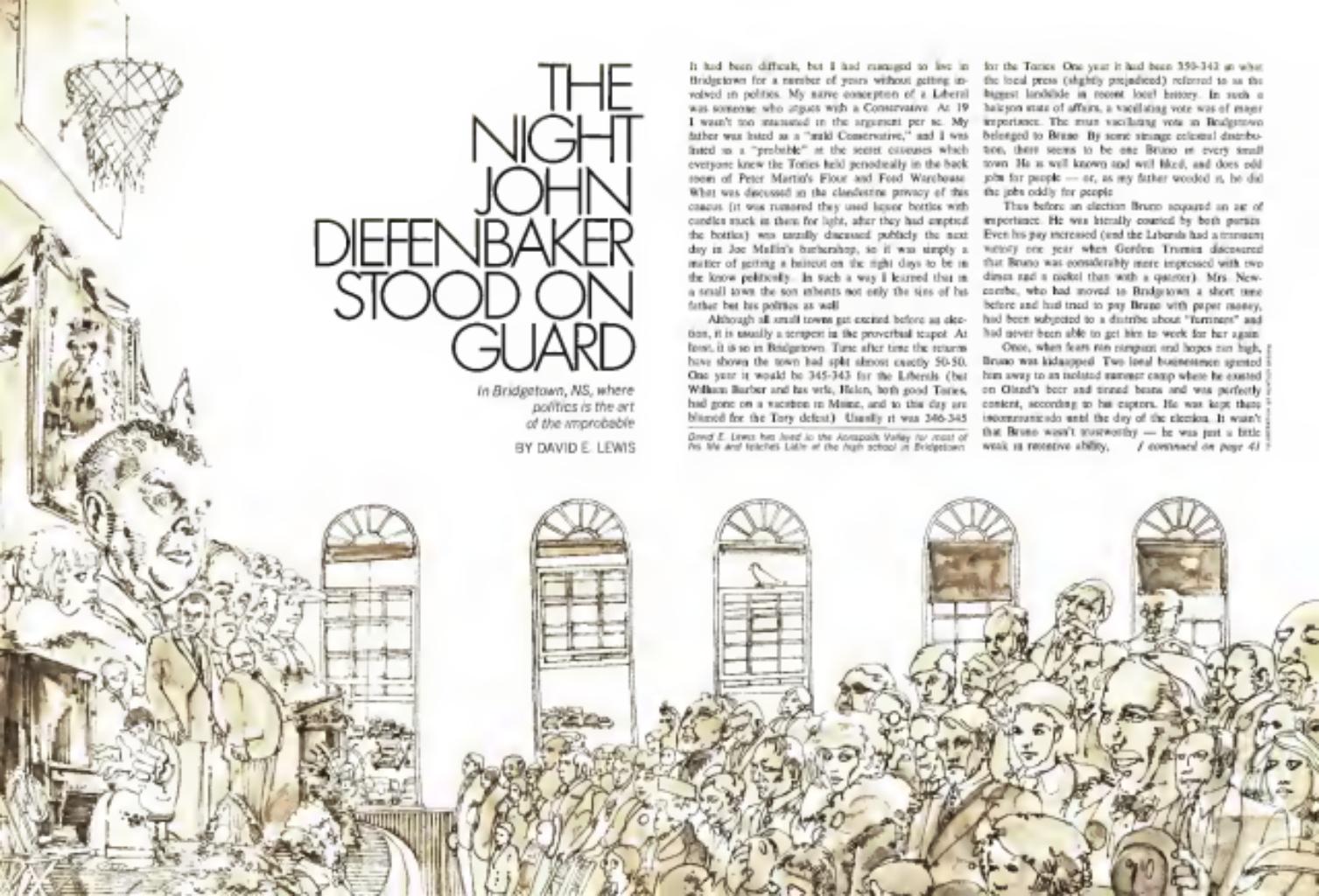
Today, at 38, he is Commissioner of Official Languages, a deputy minister who earns \$38,000 a year, works out of an enormous, spacious, wood-paneled office phonetically loaned to him from the Parliament Building, and heads a staff of 48 who at times squabbled behind great pointed ferns looking like commandos in the Vietnamese jungle. Not bad, all in all, but a man who is, according to his sister, "the first in the family to do something more than go to school or judge cattle."

Keith Spicer is tall, good-looking and athletic, blonde hair, blue-grey eyes, high-set cheekbones and an unashamedly sprightly that does not preclude the odd four-letter word. He has refreshingly courageous in dewy Ottawa. His father suggests this boyhood more than early middle age, though a white turbaned, grey, strait in the wash, characteristically modest, several bags hanging behind his back. There are these, including an office in the Department of the Secretary of State, who suggest that Spicer wrote himself into his job as Commissioner by getting to know all the right people and coming his way into some preliminary research work. Indeed, Spicer's training so perfectly

prepared him for this job that it is not surprising that he seems to have been plucked. What's more charitable, credible and widely held view is that Keith Spicer was by far the most suitable man in Canada for the job. Most suitable English Canadian, that is. A French Canadian would have been impaled in the question of minority language rights.

Spicer is a fascinating personality, positive, multi-faceted and volatile. Canada is where he would be best, but he remains the central figure, talking usually about "fairness, goodwill" in our land. His approach to our language problems is also disarmingly simple. "For me, the core of the problem is the basic question of human dignity. We've been so hypnotized by the mechanics of the constitution that we've lost sight of the valuable quality of human equality," he says. "People don't question justice. They accept easily others. If these noble sentiments sound naive, Spicer is unashamed. "Maybe I'm an incorrigible optimist," he told a parliamentary committee last March, "but I believe that by taking for granted that people have these essentials, and by appealing to them, you can get home. And as for idealism, I make no apologies for believing in a certain conception of Canada."

Phrase like "Thomas dinning" occurs frequently in Spicer's conversation and seems to express an inner searching, which is one of the most compelling aspects of his personality. There's an "unfinished" quality about him that is unusual in a man his age — an unselfish longing for something yet undefined which will touch some deep nerve centre and make him whole. He speaks of an "affection for the exotic." His fascination by the strange findings of archaeology, the French Romantics and the mystical aspects of philosophy and religion, though he describes himself as an "affectionate Presbyterian." He's a mix of deep vibrations, but — *continued on page 92*



THE NIGHT JOHN DIEFENBAKER STOOD ON GUARD

In Bridgetown, NS, where
politics is the art
of the improbable

BY DAVID E. LEWIS

It had been difficult, but I had managed to live in Bridgetown for a number of years without getting involved in politics. My naive conception of a Liberal was someone who argues with a Conservative. At 19 I wasn't too inaccurate in the argument per se. My father was listed as a "mild Conservative," and I was listed as a "probable" at the scintillating caucuses which everyone knew the Tories held periodically in the back room of Peter Martin's Flour and Feed Warehouse. What was discussed in the clandestine privacy of this caucus (it was rumoured they used liquor bottles with candles stuck in them for light, after they had emptied the bottles) was usually discussed publicly the next day in Joe Mallin's barbershop, as it was simply a matter of getting a haircut on the right day to be in the know politically. In such a way I learned that in a small town the son of a gun not only the sins of his father but his politics as well.

Although all small towns get excited before an election, it is usually a serpent in the proverbial trap. At least, it is so in Bridgetown. Twice after time the returns have shown the town had split almost exactly 50-50. One year it would be 345-343 for the Liberals (but William Murray and his wife, Helen, both good Tories, had gone on a vacation to Maine, and to this day are blamed for the Tory deficit). Usually it was 246-245

David E. Lewis has lived in the Antigonish Valley for most of his life and teaches Little at the high school in Bridgetown.

for the Tories. One year it had been 359-342 as what the local press (slightly prejudiced) referred to as the biggest landslide in recent local history. In such a halibut state of affairs, a vacillating vote was of major importance. The man vacillating was in Bridgetown belonged to Bruno. By some strange colonial distribution, there seems to be one Bruno in every small town. He is well known and well liked, and does odd jobs for people — or, as my father worded it, he did the jobs oddly for people.

Thus before an election Bruno acquired an air of importance. He was literally courted by both parties. Even his pay increased (and the Liberals had a transient victory one year when Gertrude Tremaine discovered that Bruno was considerably more impressed with two dinner and a cocktail than with a quarter). Mrs. Newcombe, who had moved to Bridgetown a short time before and had tried to pay Bruno with paper money, had been subjected to a diatribe about "herrings" and had never been able to get him to work for her again.

Once, when fears of kidnapping and hopes ran high, Bruno was kidnapped. Two local businessmen spirited him away to an isolated summer camp where he existed on Grand's beer and bread beans and was perfectly content, according to his captors. He was kept there incommunicado until the day of the election. It wasn't that Bruno wasn't trustworthy — he was just a little weak in inventive ability. *I continued on page 41*



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DIEPENBAKER from page 35

and was capable of voting for the first person who consented to have him (he was literate so his vote was an oral one). Up this way my mother, who happened to be standing next to him as he was sworn in, and whose lesson pens were his favorite, received one vote at a recent federal election.

Bruce wasn't a political neophyte at much as he was in office. He was a town joke, but there was an underlying current of separation which intended that whoever got Bruce's vote won the election. Although Bruce was unaware of all the hostile impressions he caused at election time, his mother was more astute. She also had a daughter and she tried to launch Bernier on the political open market. Bridgewater needed one straw to give spice to his election, but two were sufficient. Bernier found himself a person little involved on the local political chessboard.

My father had known Lorimer Smith all his life. They had grown up together, and each had bought 500 shares in a worthless money stock and had lost their shirts. This made two fellows together. Then when Lorimer Smith became the Conservative nominee for our constituency, he came to me to help him with his political speech. It was fresh out of college and had done some writing in the university newspaper. I had no idea of the platform of either party, and refused. Lorimer informed me that this would prove no handicap at all. Indeed, he felt that it would give his speeches a "fresh approach." I made a concessionary attempt to grasp the basic Conservative nature, and after listening to several of Lorimer's speeches I was no wiser. He suddenly occurred to me that although I knew almost nothing about political issues the public knew less. I then began writing speeches for Lorimer Smith. It took me some time to learn the art of public speaking — despite public opinion, it is rather difficult to write a 20-minute speech and say absolutely nothing, but if it is possible, and after a month I was very proficient.

I must admit that of Lorimer and nothing he did as impressively. He was a born orator. The first time I heard him give one of my speeches in his smooth English way I was considerably impressed. It would have paid for him. And he did pay good money. He was like a large stock market, ready to go places, and I was the gas pump. But I sensed that gas stations are overexpensive and depressing. I tried to service him the best I could. I tried to raise as my role of the only ghost-writer in Bridgewater, but Lorimer wouldn't allow me the

balm of anonymity. "Write all my speeches," he'd say and slip me in the book. "Smart boy! He can say about the hell!"

In a way I think he was wrong for in the eyes of the sheepish farmer constituency in our area there seemed to be a difference between merely reading the stuff and writing it. His connection with the hell was dubious than none. The farmers would gaze at Lorimer and then look at me warily. I knew he had the ability to "shoot the bull" — I had just made excellent marks in English literature classes at college — but I resisted it being put in his information.

I had always pictured politicians as large, expensive expensive men. Lorimer was the antithesis of this image. He was small-framed, and not necessarily dressed in extremely bad taste. My mother used to look at him enviously. He always wore a parturition in his lapel. He had a strange hypnotic power — not that he won a Strength, when he spoke people listened. Sixty years ago he would have been selling an ashtray out west.

I always felt ill at ease and superfluous on his train. His aggressive, commanding manner annoyed me. He knew everybody by his first name. He would shake the same hand first, almost reverently, and then look quizzically at his wife, in almost absent-mindedly of W. C. Fields' other banner. He left the children until last. In a rare moment of exhaustion, I have watched him seduce a family of seven simultaneously.

The prospect of Lorimer's third big leg in Bridgewater left me disturbed. In the rural areas no one knew me, but in my hometown it would be different. At Lorimer's insistence, I went to sit on the platform, and my mother beamed with a rarely inspired pride and invited my hair be braided, although I had just had a haircut the week before. John Diefenbaker, a Western leader, not then too well known, was to be guest speaker, and George Nowlan Jr. was to be there. Getting the train, in peace, my mother proved an immeasurable feat. Every man in the county was getting his hair cut. I am not sure what allude meaning he could deduced from this unless there was a connection with the sermon given the Sunday before by the United Church minister about Samson's nuptial tragedy.

When the evening arrived, the hall was so jammed that there were many people standing outside the small community hall. Lorimer deserved that a loudspeaker should be installed and that I should use it. I was ordered to call Sandy McGregor to dash down

continued on page 42

and recall the outside. Lorin Smith, a notorious Liberal, took the suggestion coolly. We were friends, but it was a bit like asking Betty Ross to save a flag for the Redskins.

"Steady," I said over the phone in desperation. "You were a McGreger before you were a Liberal. Name your price."

At last everything was steady.

The president of the Tory party of the county stood up.

"The meeting will begin with *O Canada*," he said.

I stood in silence, like everyone else, waiting.

"The piano! The piano!" the president hissed, and I stood by was hissing at me. I stood there dumbfounded.

Finally he gestured at me so wildly that I nearly fell from the stage. I shook my head dismally, I mean English, that I was one of the very few in Bridgewater who can play the piano. The president turned to the audience, held his hands high in a slightly Graham pose, and announced that it was a bit the sort of the audience would give "our best boy a hand" he was sure would sing.

Now I can also use these rare sad words: We can play nothing without the piano. Thermodynamics and meteorology prove that if you can play the piano you can play anything, at anything. This is simply not true. The audience applauded perfunctorily, and the president came over with a grin on his face. It was a fixed grin. He took my arm in a vise-like grip and propelled me across the stage to the piano. I could hear much laughter and applause from people who had often tried to get me to play for a songfest at a party. I sat there staring dumbly at the keyboard. I had never played *O Canada* in my life. Two thousand people were standing at attention. In one desperate instant I struck the major chord of C with both hands. I never discovered what was happening and started off, but my heart is still warm toward the piano which, poor, because I left him on his own. I just held the chord down and the soloist flattered around with the melody in a dolorous flaccidising re-cursive. A few others joined in, in a paroxysmal madrigal. I knew the unmistakable voice of John Diefenbaker, in patriotic despair, adding to the cacophony. The bulk of the audience, with typical Maritime phlegm, did nothing. When it was over, and we could all sit down, there was a moment of stunned silence. The president got up jauntily, hissed, and then kicked over at me and thanked me. Lorin Smith whispered something to Diefenbaker's ear, and he, too, looked at me with large, innocent eyes.

After the meeting concluded (there was no request for my version of *God Save The Queen*), I stood backstage. My same trustees told me to the consequences into the night. It was about ten, when Lorin Smith came down on me.

"But... show... boy. That wasn't funny."

I explained that it was hardly my idea of humor. I had been the most embarrassing moment in a year of public life.

"Humm," he said lamely. "Any half-blooded Canadian boy who can play the piano can play *O Canada*!" He made it sound as if my version had decidedly treason-like overtones. He might even consider I was the secret agent of the Liberals.

I still had to hear a response from John Diefenbaker which a local hostess was giving in her home. I decided to be as innocuous as I could. My embarrassment had made me resentful and I found myself at the table. I also found myself at the table, rising above with Diefenbaker.

"The sorry, sir, about the piano business tonight."

His eyes turned into stone. "You seem like a good clean-cut young man." He seemed the "saint" though I were a showy Bolshevik. "I thought all clean-cut young Canadians knew our national anthem."

"If I had only been notified before, and had the piano," I said weakly.

But John Diefenbaker was not one to dwell on unconvincing excuses.

"You're young to be interested in politics," he said.

I was about to answer that I wasn't interested in politics at all, but I realized that would really make me sound like a atheist.

"I'm interested in young people who are concerned about their country's future. It's where the greatness of our wonderful country lies. Now, tell me, why are you so interested in our great Conservative party?"

I was caught squarely. To make matters worse, Lorin Smith had decided to sit behind us and was eavesdropping.

"I guess because of my father," I said lamely.

"Your father?"

"Yes. He's a Conservative."

A cloud of disapproval frowned down at me. I had hoped again Lorin Smith moved in for the kill he was seething. "And your grandfather, was he a Conservative too?"

I avoided answering.

"And what," asked Lorin with the vicious intent of someone who knows that his prey is secretly concealed. "Would you have been if your father and your grandfather had been different?"

I had read that type of Reader's Digest too. "I suppose a Liberal."

Obviously Diefenbaker hadn't read the Reader's Digest, for he put his arms around my shoulder and led me over to the chandelier. To the noticeable chagrin of my hostess and others present, he doffed most of his time to me, explaining that I should not inherit my politics but arose at them through my intelligence. I was extremely embarrassed at all that stammering, but praised. I ate only seven sandwiches, instead of my usual 15. For one wild pasta-spaghetti was more I thought he was going to ask me to eat all his spaghetti, but as I listened to him I concluded he were his own.

Lorin Smith's love affair with politics did not end in marriage, and I soon found my services no longer required. On one occasion a Liberal friend of mine suggested that the speeches I had written for Lorin were still serviceable, and that by the simple expedient of changing "Conservative" to "Liberal" they would be suitable to the Liberal party. I found this suggestion slightly offensive, although I knew it was true. Since then I have been unusable as a political writer to any party. Like Bruce, I feel the best thing to do is to remain a political misnomer. ■

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MY CANADA from page 14

I wrote a poem on the Kent State University massacre. The general reaction was, "You know that it can't happen here." Well now, unfortunately, I wrote a poem about all that, and it can. I called it *I Think Of All Self-Love*. I included all the victims of violence. I could think of whose losses are making the victims of the Viet Cong, the victims of the South Vietnamese, the starving children of Baffin, Soviet poets and writers living in Siberia and mental patients, students at Columbia, dead or beat, first down seven steps. The list goes on gleefully with my sadness. Then I made my mistake. I wrote a poem on Quebec. To differentiate it from the poem called *November* about that August night in Prague, I called this one *Autumn*. Since publication is without accessibility, I thought this would set the poem apart. Autum is about Pierre Laporte and other victims in Quebec like Walter Lipp, named, Thelma Morris, blown up, and Jeanne d'Arc St. Germain, almost burned to death. I read the poem at a Festival of the Arts in the Bishop's University theatre auditorium built to celebrate our Canadian Students from the Université de Sherbrooke walked out. The French-Canadian poets of the same bilingual belt will see me west upright Victoria always being to somebody else.

Things were less sensitive when I was growing up. We all believed that the way to change things was to earn our franchise. When my uncle became major of Sherbrooke he spoke a pretty junk French. He spoke to everybody anyway. At the end of his term they gave him a couple of keepsakes to put up each side of his front sidewalk to celebrate the fact.

Going way back, so far that we see into the 17th century which of course had everything wrong with it, I come to my Uncle John. He sailed before the mast in the clipper *Ariel* out of Sweden in 1887 thinking he was headed for Australia. What part way through the voyage he learned that the vessel was headed for South America instead, he jumped ship at Quebec City. On the roundtrip Quebec Central five o'clock, somehow across the wild island of Île Perrot, Uncle John didn't know any of it held like a job to the *Tele* at L'Île-Verte. He would. The word "job" came out in English. He was so taken with being supervisor of dynamic data in these days to blow up only Quebec (assistant) that he wrote my future father in *Wesao* to come on over from Sweden to Canada. It was a great country. I never learned Swedish. My father continued on page 50

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MY CANADA

that fall in love with my mother's English. That was a great detriment. Greta Garbo was interested in me. We have the same name. She spoke right off to me in Swedish. I could reply only in English. Think of what will happen to me when I meet Pauline Jarman! I never doubted that my English would prove such a remarkable handicap.

Since then I have been all over Europe, spent years in London and New York to find out why I live where I do. Once I was sure. Never for one year was I left in doubt that my poetry belonged in Quebec. If you look for it, the poems are full of Telesphore of the crimson sunset, crows in spring, pike in woods, willow blossoms stopping at owing bottoms, snow, weather like snowdrifts, landscapes like Shetland, sunlight delights (lucky Mountain flowers) instead of muggles, hatred of violence, and moderation which is neither British nor American nor American common denominator.

Now I am not so sure. Everybody wants to be more equal. The French want what the English have and the English want what the American have. Trudeau is kept from viewing the cravat scullions on the complex of the Gorges, the CBC is paternal, and Molotov says the medium is the message. We are falling apart. We have eastern barriers that will keep us from getting checks from buying a Quebec off.

However, we may make it. We have a brief while, perhaps over a generation, to find out who we are. It doesn't much matter as long as we are honest, but the danger is that we might avoid that identity. We could get rid of Trudeau, have juntas on ice floes, carry pictures of Paul Rose and Shadrack over America.

What are we other than what we think we are? An eclectic bunch of northernites trying to hold a crazy bunch of geography together because we have areaking respect that we are like each other — that's what we are. We think we could like each other. What we need is more unity and more sense of comedy, more law-and-order and law-continuity, more personalities and less federal politicians. A few more rights on controls and states down barriers and we might make it. We are almost out of addressed. I suppose for a while we shall need the United States of America. It is our nearest port of glue.

But, after all, we have to do only what we know.

Reserve of the sufficient.

I shall now go out and weed my garden. Perhaps write another poem in praise of us. God help us.

Canada imports more sherries and more ports from Australia than from any other country. Because Canadians are particular about their wining and dining.



Canadians in growing numbers are enjoying a pleasant custom: a glass of Australian sherry before dinner, a glass of Australian port afterwards. And perhaps a bottle of Australian beer. There is a wide selection, all available under a number of famous brand names.

Australian sherries and ports are superb. They mix with excellent papers, Pimms, Pisco, Kahlua and Dermott's grappa to one of the world's ideal elixirs. Then the Australian visitors bring two measures of wisdom and experience to their wine lists. They are the most discriminating of the fans for sherry and so Canada looks forward to an assessment of table wines.

Shouldn't Canadian diners and visitors interest and ports over those from any other country?

The Australian Wine Board



THE FINE WINES OF AUSTRALIA

long after midnight, writing by the gleam of an oil oil lamp — for in the beginning the shock had no electricity.

My aunt and cousin, who for 20, 30 years had held down good business jobs and lived in an all-mod-con house in suburban, could not understand us. They considered us weirdos. But even with every luxury and a steady income, I could never have faced the sort of life that they instead out for us. They were offended when I told them so. They enjoyed their sort of life, with regular promenades, room to pay, the annual four-week holiday, the better car each year.

In 1956 I wrote an account of our sort of life which was published in *English Dogs* and readers wrote to say that they did not believe it, they thought everyone in America was rich, with two houses, a swimming pool, two cars and every convenience. We argued. Their notion of American and Canadian ways of life had been gleaned from California-made films and glossy women's magazines which made their way over the Atlantic. They judged every American woman's kitchen by the super-kitchens they saw in the ads. If they had seen my kitchen. Not even a sink.

We never had anything so costly in a year. The village grocer who lived three miles away delivered breakfast once or twice a week. Sometimes when I needed to go to the Post Of-

ice I would walk the three miles with the chukkales in the winter. The sun blazed our cheeks and the fragrant meadow brasses played through our hair. It was a tonic and a beauty treatment. What wonder that we had no money? We were together, we had one another and the good fresh air. Another blessing we had was good health, which did not seem to be affected by the deep cold and deprivation of the long winter.

For 10 years we had no radio or TV. The children went to the village school and were educated in French, but at home we spoke English — and while there was no library nearby we packed up old books at garage sales. The long quiet evenings were spent reading in winter, or making rugs for the floor from strips of old car-up coats. One book that appealed to me was *Home Boon*, the classic of English country life by K. D. Blackmore. The author shows in this old romance a rare knowledge of country ways and of a rural wisdom that has since died out. Another joy of the life-close-to-nature is *Wartime Dogs* and I read many of his books. In *Desmond* he reveals that he, too, is at heart a dropout from a sick, money-obsessed society. Despondency is the name of the fates, and the novel is the story of a garrulous sage who puts his soul and strength into building a life on the land in harmony with nature.



"The one thing I miss most, pronking in winter, is the bear!"

A friend sent me one or two of the guide books of Marion Crean, a woman who at one time was head to my dry dock in London but who finally could not endure it any longer and ran away in the country. One title was *The Story Of My Name* and it told with humor and rich detail how the laundress in old fashioned 14th-century Frenchhouse had with her own hands, and those of her husband, built it up into a really pretty and pleasant home, at little cost. Marion Crean's books are rare, but if you should find an old copy at a garage sale snap it up and treasure it. You will learn a lot about planting an orchard, making a pond, and the delightful art of decision-making in sympathy with existing features. She writes: "I think the sky of the highly ornamental gardens is passing, and the idea comes on as doleless, there is a lack of repose in set-up spaces, there is a restless motion in the brain when the eye has to travel from one artificiality to the other and cannot linger as a bird on maple leaves."

In our shack there was little to read except these old books. We could not afford newspapers and magazines. Once, our groceries came wrapped in an old copy of a city paper, and to my astonishment I saw that at a New York art sale someone had shelled out half a million for a small Rembrandt. Why, the view from my back door was more recognizable than any Rembrandt or Remarque or Titian. It changed with the seasons, it was always freshly tinted — and it was free. On a sunny-sunny April day the sky was transparent blue and silver over the tender green fields. In May and June the green was richer and the air full of the fragrance of grass and flowers. The blue of the sky was always only lovely, with the maple gave all crimson and scarlet, and the woods myriad shades of russet and gold. Winter was blue and white and silver, and when in those same there was the ripple of a stream, the world's quiet soothsaying music — a smooth, black under an hairy white covering of snow. A stream in winter is a thing of beauty.

Winters were long and hard, but always in mid-January the cold relaxed its grip, giving us a brief respite. One morning there would be a different sound to the birds, voices dropped, making cheery splashes, the barn wind subsided, the children packed soft woolshirts and yester with joy. We counted on that respite to help us endure the rest of the winter.

Summer we had a garden all round the shack. I met wild parsnips, making a tarragon for flavoring

continued on page 54

EVERYBODY SHOULD BE ITALIAN AT LEAST ONCE A YEAR.



Ken Adams, Italian for a week

Being Italian isn't just a nationality. It's a state of mind.

A state of mind that says, Look, go out and grab life. Learn to love living. The food, the wine, the music and dancing and loving and everything.

And it's this attitude that makes us on Italian Line the perfect hosts for your vacation. Because with us you become, for a little while, Italian. With our seventy-sea-going chefs (and their thousands of examples of fine Continental cuisine) you learn to love food like an Italian.

And the rest of your new life with us — with the nightclubs and lounges and the swimming and tours and golf lessons and pooh staterooms and so on — gives you a keen feeling of what it is to really live.

Like an Italian.

Whether you're coming with us to the Caribbean or crossing the Atlantic, a good travel agent can get you started nicely.

(Point of interest: we Italians started crossing the Atlantic and sailing the Caribbean back in 1492. So by now, we're pretty good at it. And we'll get better as we go on.)

Right about now, you deserve a vacation.

But most of all, you deserve to be Italian.

At least once a year.



ITALIAN LINE

All sailings from New York.

Some cruises may be boarded at Port Everglades, Fla.

All-year-round transatlantic voyages, Caribbean cruises, Mediterranean tours as Michelangelo, ss Raffaello, ss Leonardo da Vinci, ss Cristoforo Colombo.

Country of registry: Italy.

CHEZ US

PROVINCIAL GENERAL ELECTION The following official returns were obtained from Major-General M. Ross, returning officer of Lower Lafferty West — 25 Oct. also from the provincial election returns, total vote 64,427. Turnout 194.1%. The percentage turnout for Lower West was the highest in the province.
THE AURORA, Lafferty City, N.B.

SAINTS RECONCILE SCHOOL ordered the cultural calendar of 19 famous world figures from a company in eastern Canada but the company has gone into liquidation, with the note accompanying, not the "Tradition has been discontinued. We are sorry." Other orders placed at places like Marc Léveillé, Montréal, and Merton Leibler, King E., THE PRESIDENT, CHINWICK, B.C.

A 15-YEAR-OLD boy already on probation was given a suspended sentence Dec. 28 for causing a disturbance while in a state of intoxication. Mr. Jerry June of the Royal Vale testified that Dale Wallace Lewis ordered a deluxe hamsteak and insisted at paying for it went to sleep in the booth.

THE BRIDGE REVERE-LILLOGETT NEWS, N.B.

AT A recent town School Board meeting recently, Ward 7 trustee Ronald Summers proposed that he could sign former Toronto Mayor Allan Lampert's most flamboyant malapropism. Said Summers during a procedure meeting with the chairman: "This motion must be backed at the next meeting. The motion has to stand on its own."

THE DAILY STAR, Rexton

IT WAS INDEFINITELY SUSPENDED in the New & Telegram prior to coverage of the present trial of the United States Conscripts in St. John's that Joe Headon's 10-52 Reservoir Ave. — said: "When the United States government goes to do something, they do it and they stand above all instruments." The editorial deletion of the reporter's copy should have implied the word to be "it" — I rather than "they" — which has exactly different verbal and sociological implications.

THE EVENING TELEGRAM, St. John's

Readers are invited to submit poems, short plays that enter some thought into Canadian life (one competition per year) or other creative material. The author will receive \$100.00. Send to: The Canadian Poetry Contest, Writers' Trust awards, 200 Bloor Street, Toronto, Ontario, M4S 1E2. Last date for entries: 15th March, 1962. Poetry Received: January, 1962. Decisions: March, 1962. Decision: June 15, 1962. Results: August, 1962.

FLORENCE JULIEN continued
ers so far in our party allow I should say that one of the joys of winter was the arrival of the spring seed catalogues those glorious of color. We would spread hours around the kitchen table looking the things we would order if we were rich. In the end we had to cut the order down to lettuce, carrots, peas, beans, tomatoes and those flowers that would grow well in our northern area.

I boiled beans and beans or a boiling water bath. Our grandmother used this method of putting up fruit and vegetables if they seemed no eating machine. Having to walk everywhere — we could not afford even a bicycle — gave us all good appetites, and the homegrown vegetables and home "canned" tomatoes and beans went down well.

It was necessity that made us live the simple life. Although I sold some stories and poems, they did not bring in a fortune. Still, I earned enough to invest in a secondhand typewriter, and over the years I wrote a book, *From My Window*, which has been published only in fragments in high journals as *Woman's Day*, *The Times* of London and the *Montreal Standard*. I originally took up writing as therapy for a nervous disorder. Now I am hooked. I can't stop. I get letters from state to state from people, usually in England and the United States, who have read my articles and have gone to the trouble of writing to offer to add my address.

As a matter of fact my only library is a small one. I have a few books that I have read and treasured. Friends have sent me over the years. My library is the barn-furnished part of my home. Our lady on Wales sent me some rare Bibles on genetics, with hand paintings to illustrate them, from a solicitor's library with his crest and motto. He sent her a small fortune just to mail them. Through my arteries I've had letters from as far away as New Zealand and India and everywhere wants to know about Canada. One lady wrote from Northern Ireland asking if I could find her a job here. Also, there are no jobs in Admerville. Even my own children had to emigrate as soon as they were of working age.

The world finally caught up with us and we got a radio. I am hearing to it as I write. The children have grown up and gone, I am alone, and the radio keeps me in touch with the world.

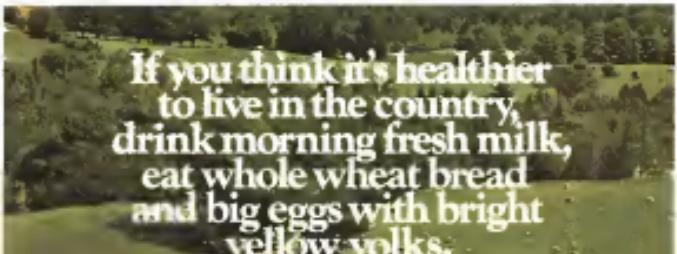
You'll forgive me for saying it seems a crazy world. Here in Canada they are piping farmers not to grow wheat and other farmers not to pro-

duce milk — while people go hungry. The government may have won on its constituency but I have none on mine. Nothing is wasted here. Kitchen waste like eggshells and tea leaves, I have always dug into the soil. I use no chemical fertilizers, and my tomatoes and lettuce and onions have a delicate flavor. I don't overproduce — just grow as much as I need. If I wanted to be greedy I could skim on the old chemicals and grow a lot of over-sized stuff that would be tasteless. But my motto is have a little and have it good, so I have a few black and red currants for jelly, blackberries and loganberries. Ten years ago we dug a trench to bury household garbage and planted raspberry canes atop it. Now every year I have enormous berries, richly red, plump and juicy and perfect. I eat some of our raspberry jam and jelly to eat friends and they say they never tasted anything so wonderful. My recipe is simple. Pure fresh fruit, water, a squeeze of lemon juice and sugar, simmered slowly on the old wood stove. It has life in it, purity and richness, goodness.

A few years ago I moved into an abandoned farmhouse for which I pay another local farmer \$25 a month. I laugh when I read of women paying so many millions to beauty parlors. A walk in the ridiculous beautifying the clever agent in it, I am on the south side of the hill. Beauty treatment there is in the world. I have never had five dollars spent on a haircut. I admit my age, 51, has detracted from my looks, but the hairdo I have now is new grey hair, my hair is dark gold as it was when I was a girl. My only outings are walks. They are no ordinary meanders, but rambling and reading. The cause sophisticated forms of entertainment and relaxation are beyond my budget.

Books come to my windows ready for mail and postoffice made which I spread on the sill in winter. All summer long they ring around the house. So do I need concern of fancy prices? One dear friend we made was Sammy, a shik, that came swimming up the river one summer from what I know — China. I raise adorable puppies and give them to local families. At one time we had six cats, but the number varies from three to seven as some wander off or find new homes nearby. We have 15 various items adopted since 1948 and dogs.

With such a large and varied household I am never lonely. I have not seen a film since I was married 29 years ago. I have visited Montreal only once or twice. Yet, still though it may sound my life is full and rich and satisfying. I am content. ■



If you think it's healthier to live in the country, drink morning fresh milk, eat whole wheat bread and big eggs with bright yellow yolks.

Then Habitant is your soup.



A soup of incredible gusto and heartiness.

All Habitant soups have it.

A kind of heritage of delicious old-time flavour.

Whether you try Habitant's new Pea with Ham, Minestrone, or any of the other great flavours, you're going to enjoy that great outdoor taste.

Habitant Soup.
You can taste the country in it.



WE CARE ABOUT YOU AND YOUR CAR

A new car is a big investment. And your purchase of a Chrysler, Dodge or Plymouth is a vote of confidence in us.

Above all, we want you to be satisfied with the car you buy from one of our dealers, for the simple reason that we would like to sell you another car three or four years from now when you come to trade again.

And repeat business is the nicest kind of business.

That's why every Chrysler product is being built under tough new quality control procedures, using highly sophisticated electronic equipment.

That's why every Chrysler/Dodge and Chrysler/Plymouth dealer is determined to give you the best service possible.

We know what your car means to you and we intend to help you get the most pleasure and most satisfaction out of owning one of ours.



GETTING AROUND IN YUGOSLAVIA

BY DOUGLAS H. FULLERTON



Dubrovnik on the Adriatic is nearly a museum for the 21st century—not the 15th.

"Seven brothers, six republics, five nations, four religions, three languages, two alphabets—and one life." You might be thinking that they describe the country, not the people. Yet it's not uncommon that Yugoslav federalists or the political structure of the country that strike you. It's the fascinating visual mix of minorities and cultures and new, of Roman palaces and ultra-modern hotels, of peasant women riding donkeys and girls in the latest gear whizzing past them in new mobile telephones.

Prime Minister Tito's choice of Yugoslavia for his August holiday (even though it was cut short by the exchange crisis) seems to have attracted some Canadian interest in the country—so say nothing of President Tito's visit to Canada last November. My own interest had been absent long enough until the summer of 1970 when a group I was with spent a day in Belgrade and Dubrovnik, Belgrade,

the capital of the Yugoslav federation, has its attractions but Dubrovnik is unquestionably one of the world's most interesting and most beautiful cities. Of its charms more later, but all of us who were there on that summer day shared a common goal: to return. And I did, with my wife, last May.

We wanted to see as much as possible of Yugoslavia on the way, so we flew to Zurich, picked up a little Swiss as part of a package deal on our air fare, and off we went via Linz, Vienna, southern Austria and the Brenner Pass down to Italy.

What were the roads like? Pretty

good as balance, but they ranged from superb auto routes, such as the auto roads through the Brenner Pass, and between Verona and Trieste, to fairly narrow, curvy and bumpy roads that were never built for modern traffic.

The approach to Yugoslavia from the northwest led us past Trieste, the Italian port just a few miles from the

border. We had a surprisingly easy border crossing. The guardsbooks had warned of possible difficulties, but all we needed was a visa (and you don't even need that anymore; just your passport). No special insurance was required on the car, and though we bought coupons for gasoline we found later they were unnecessary and didn't save us any money. There was a fixed price for gas everywhere (no more than 10¢ or about 65 cents a gallon—cheaper than in Italy).

We headed across the peak of the Istra Peninsula for our night's stop in Rijeka, formerly Fiume, the largest city and port on Yugoslavia's Adriatic coast. A modern and fairly cosmopolitan city, its history is like many others in Yugoslavia: a succession of rulers from a private family in the 14th century to Hapsburgs in the 15th, from a free port in the 16th century to successive control by Croatia, France, Austria, Hungary and, between 1919 and 1945, Italy. While it has its share of venerable old buildings, Rijeka is more European than most Yugoslav cities, and many tourists will prefer the nearby beach resort of Opatija.

The first 125 miles of the coastal highway southeast from Rijeka are spectacular and exhilarating, lovely and frightening. Most of the highway is carved right into the side of mountains which rise 5,000 feet above the sea. The road seems even more remarkable when you note that much of the highway has been built at precisely three by three, by hand labor. The road winds endlessly, following each little bay or cove; it reminds you occasionally of the climb down Smoky on the Cabot Trail or the highway down the Fraser Canyon in British Columbia but that road is much narrower, and on many of the curves there is no protection barrier to stop a headlong descent from a height over a 10,000-foot drop into the Adriatic.

Yet if it's exhilarating to maneuver so hard as driving, there are compensations. Each bend in the road brings a different glimpse of limestone mountains meeting the sea below. It's a bumpy road, though, and you have only to look at the number of abandoned farms and houses to see how tough a life a man has had for the peasants who sacrificed an existence for the peaks. Everywhere in the plateau grassy eminences surmounted by piles of stones, such containing precious earth dredged from the caustic mountains. The overwhelming impression is dry, hard country.

But it's country that is being given a new future: *continued on page 58*

Yugoslavia continued / by the mountains. The highway and the resorts sprouting up along it, both at an enormous cost, are bringing jobs and, with them, hope. The thing that amazes you is that, apart from a bit of fishing, there is nothing else for people to do except work. In tourist resorts—of which there are thousands, some 2,000, CAMPS, CAMPERS, ACCOMMODATIONS—how many hundred hotels did we see the signs or variations of? When the tourist season is at its peak in the summer months, all this accommodation is apparently needed, and if the price of the room is low—two dollars or so a night—it helps pay for building improvements, even a modest bathroom (always left to the tourist of course, when the rooms are occupied).

As the five languages of the signs suggest, the Yugoslavs spread a wide tourist net, but their clientele are mainly the sun seekers from northern Europe. German is the foreign language most often heard.

Well, what about the hotels and the food? The government classifies hotels as First, A, B, C, or D. Most of the new ones are in the A or B categories, and most of their rooms have private baths. Prices are cheap, the cost of a gold room for two, with breakfast, ranges from six dollars to \$12 in the B hotels and from \$10 to \$15 in the A ones—depending on the season, location and the quality of the building construction.

The food, also, leaves a lot to be desired. I think this may be because much of the industry is geared to tourists and thus provides meals based on rather quaint notions of what foreigners want. It is not surprising to find six restaurants along the coast offering almost identical, somewhat westernized menus (you could almost see the cooking schools mass producing them) to eat out only the 15 or so meals offered. Lots of food, but not much to excite the palate—and not enough Yugoslav dishes.

However, we managed to eat very well in some restaurants which cater to the local carriage trade. The better hotels—the Kavala and the Argentia in Dubrovnik, for example—were fine too. But our prime find was the Nada restaurant in Dubrovnik, first-class Yugoslav food (for example, vegetable barbecue small rectangular meat pasties made of highly spiced ground beef) accompanied by either two good local red wines, Duge or Postup.

But back to the trip. Below Zadar the coastal range of platoe rises inland and the driving is easier. The

villages don't part, each with its own church. One delightful little place we found was Pivovarac, a 16th-century town on an island connected by a causeway to the mainland. Farmers' carts clanging in the sun. Blusters full of drivers (though we never found out whether they were for herbs or wine or what). Red-tiled roofs. Donkeys ridded up narrow streets to buildings attached to old stone dwellings. Far across the bay was an array of new white hotel buildings and beaches dotted with sun umbrellas and sunbathers.

Split, a port and the second-largest coastal city, has about half way to beagan Rijeka and the Adriatic below. In the third century, the Roman Emperor Diocletian built a large and beautiful palace on the sea, and the city later grew up inside the palace walls. The palace—some of it restored, the rest turned into housing and shops—represents the core of Split today. It's a must for any tourist.

But, for all the wonders of Diocletian's palace, it's just an appetizer for the real "pearl of the Adriatic"—the ancient city of Dubrovnik, 135 miles to the southwest. I know the danger of building up tourists' expectations about a place: the higher you rate the more likely they'll tend to disappointment. All I can say is that I've been to Dubrovnik three times now and find it better each time.

The western approach to the city is disappointing because the new suburbs have spread this way. But the ancient city itself appears and masters the skyline.

Dubrovnik was founded in the seventh century and its survival is something of a miracle, considering the waves of invaders who swept up and down the coast. Yet by a clever balancing of East against West, by the shifts, courage and wealth of its residents, the city remained largely independent and was never pillaged.

A center of culture in the 16th century, today the old city within the wall is a home for 3,000 people. No cars are allowed as the streets and the centuries of pedestrian traffic have brought a such patina to the Dubrovnik limestone pavement. You can take a leisurely walk around the top of the wall in an hour, all the while looking down at restaurants, theaters and people. And its home to upon you that Dubrovnik is really the model for the city of the 21st century—not the 16th.

The reason, above all, is architectural integrity. All roofs are tiled, with a subtle color gradient ranging from bright red to orange to yellow

to pale cream. All buildings fit the concept of a single walled city, nothing is out of place. No mere signs escape one unfortunate one on the mountain 2,000 feet above the city, which presses the character of ATLAS TOWER. In sum, not a common under glass, but a living city, with buildings in the windows and grape vines rising three stories to form a shady groto on a rooftop terrace.

Well, I've only touched lightly on that fascinating country. The real nothing about the lovely islands off the coast or the ancient cities inland such as Zadar, Split, Knin, Fažana, Skoplje. I haven't even discussed the capital, Belgrade. Nevertheless, the more I see of Yugoslavia the more I'm convinced that it has few equals as a place to visit. One big reason may be that, apart from the tourist crowd who shuffles, the country is still largely untouched by the tourist hordes who make so many European countries almost uninhabitable at peak season. Better hurry up and get there before it's too late. ■

Ways to stay

Driving in Yugoslavia is no problem and your Canadian driver's license is valid. The road signs are frequent and easy to follow. The Yugoslav interior and there are convenient travel agencies throughout the country to point your way. Hotels and tourist rooms are plentiful and cheap. At along the Adriatic coast, you should have no trouble finding good accommodation at a price you want to pay—except perhaps in July and August, the peak months for European travel in Yugoslavia. An excellent hotel guide called Yugoslavia Hotels is available at most points of entry, it lists practically all hotels and their prices by city and town.

These shouldn't be any need to wait around for hotel reservations except for your stay in Dubrovnik, and there only if you plan to be there in the high season (the first of June to the end of September). The best hotels there are the Kavala, the Argentia and the Villa Dubrovnik. Rates range from \$15 to \$30 a day for a double in season and from \$20 to \$50 out of season. But there are lots of other, less expensive hotels and tourist rooms. The choice is much more limited, however, during July and August.

The Prime Canadian

The more you know about whisky,
the better for OFC 8 Year Old.

The Prime Canadian.

For starters: New OFC 8 Year Old is aged a full 2 years longer than either Canadian Club or Seagram's V.O. Thus, age alone, should make us better than either #1 or #2. But it took more than time to make OFC "Prime".

The Truth About Age

Any distiller, states or ours, will tell you, "...just spending time in a barrel does not a great Canadian make."

Why? Because 2-year-old Canadian rye whisky is pale, harsh and unrounded. Around 12 it's darker and has begun to take on a heavy, "woody" taste.

8 Years is "Prime"

In between, at one point in time, Canadian whisky is at "The Prime of Life": golden, velvety, smooth and full-bodied. But not light.

In our opinion, 8 years old is "Prime". That's why OFC 8 Year Old is 8 years old. And only 8 years old.

"Prime" is More Than Time

Schenley puts a lot more into OFC than time. Only prime, carefully chosen Canadian grains. Only slow-wheeled barrels.

Every drop of OFC is distilled, not once—but 4 times—for extra purity of spirit. And, OFC is aged in 40-gallon hand-choiced white oak barrels.

Finally, We Blend After Aging

Why? To consistently control the quality and flavor of every drop and guarantee that OFC never differs from bottle to bottle. Or glass to glass. 125 expert taste tests ensure it. And the Schenley Schenley guarantees on the back of every bottle certifies to its "Prime" 8 year old quality.

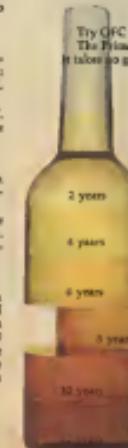
This Is What New 8 Year Old OFC Is All About!

If you are now drinking and enjoying Canadian Club or Seagram's V.O.—both very fine products—we ask you to try our New OFC 8 Year Old.

We believe you'll find it a very rewarding experience. One that just might change your whisky drinking habits for life.

OFC

Try OFC 8 Year Old:
The Prime Canadian,
it takes no getting used to.



Canadian Schenley Distilleries Ltd.

The Company that has been bringing you
the Canadian Schenley Football Awards since 1953.

Who Wants To KISS SORE LIPS?

NOW DRY UP MOUTH SO'S IT PAST

Missing atoms because of dry mouth, waterless and tasteless breath? The answer is simple: TANAC. It's a new, unique, tasteless, waterless mouth spray. It's a new, unique, tasteless, waterless mouth spray.

TANAC

CONCENTRATED LIQUID FOR MOUTH SORES

Cancer can be beaten!

CANADIAN CANCER SOCIETY

Healing Substance In Preparation II Shrinks Piles

Barbara Healing Substance Press To Shrink
Hemorrhoids And Repair Damaged Tissue.

A renowned research institute has found a unique healing substance with the ability to shrink hemorrhoids painlessly. It relieves itching and discomfort in moments, and speeds up healing of the injured tissue.

In one case, while gently relieving pain, anal rectum hemorrhoids disappeared.

Most important of all results was no through that this improvement was maintained over a period of many months.

This was accomplished with a new hemorrhoid treatment—Dyneal, which quickly relieves both internal and external hemorrhoids of new tissue.

Now Dyneal is offered in a sustained and supporting form—called Preparation II. Ask for it at all drug stores—no prescription or your money refunded.

KEITH SPICER from page 37

a man of deep vibrations, but these impulsive mass frightened both to some extent because he works hard at control. His mass' preoccupations are "courage," "reasonableness" and "envy" toward himself. "He's the kind of guy who could wear a Burns round jacket and love beads and not be out of character."

The commissioner is basically a language troubleshooter, investigating complaints from the public and from civil servants in 150 federal departments, agencies and crown corporations. (An English-speaking Canadian might complain that no one at Air Canada in Rouen, Quebec, could speak to him in English, a French civil servant might complain that his job interview was conducted in English.) He may also initiate special studies and recommend changes. Special difficulties he overcomes by beginning with "amazing revelations," moving through "gentle reminders" and if necessary on to "stirring demonstrations," asserting his authority to report to parliament, the body to which he is responsible. His task in persuasive diplomacy, a task which often goes over what is, in fact, an iron fist, for the Commissioner of Official Languages holds some of the most controversial powers in Canada. According to Section 30 of the Act, he may summon witness and compel them to testify, using evidence that might be inadmissible in a court of law. Today, sitting in his fern-filled office, eating a mixed-ethnic lunch of chopped ham sandwiches and salad, he pounds his position thoughtfully. "It's almost conceivable that I'd use those powers," he says, "but if I do, then my teeth a little bit, though I've lost my taste in the job. I feel like I'm walking on air every day I feel through the walling down a mountain." Which may only slightly overstate the dilemma. In his office, his power (the hasn't yet) will tear down the very basis of communication he's working so hard to build. Discovered, the French say, "You do this if you can't be your friendly Ottawa ambassador and a dragon too. On the other hand, if he doesn't use them, the official status of either French or English is being deliberately denied and he does nothing, he is in violation of his duty as commissioner."

Even Spicer describes his job as impossible, a question of fostering communication between groups as diverse as the Ottawa Lodge and the Park Québecois. And he readily admits that he has at most four or five years in which to ensure linguistic parity in federal departments and get his message of mutual dignity across before the notion of bilingualism itself

loses credibility. But he delights in the challenge and, in any case, he's not trying to "save" Confederation. "I can cool the climate and help establish an atmosphere of dialogue, I'll hell succeed."

Will Keith Spicer be his Commissioner of Official Languages for almost two years? What has he done?

There has, to begin with, the Air Canada case. In April, 1973, one of Spicer's staff was caught secretly tape-recording a conversation with an Air Canada agent at the Ottawa airport. The situation was all the more embarrassing because Spicer had quoted in March of that year as shocking: "I can't see myself at being a big brother and spying on people." A less psychologically astute man might have raised his voice with a fit of maddening magnificence, but by apologizing to everyone concerned before the very story broke in the papers he got away with it. Later, his office did a "special study" on Air Canada's language service. An airline executive who was involved in negotiations over the commissioner's recommendations says Spicer was very sure of himself, though somewhat heavy handed. He was impressed that during the course of one afternoon Spicer was able to file a key Air Canada vice-president into substantial disarray.

Let's face the commissioner was in the news again with a special report to parliament in which he accused Statistics Canada of "serious infringement of the Official Languages Act." Census forms were being delivered in the wrong language, and in some cases bilingual census workers were operating in English alone. Section 9 of the Official Languages Act states that bilingual services must be provided in areas where there is a "significant demand." To the extent that it is "inside" the ridiculous truth is that no one knows what "significant demand" means and who should determine it, though during the initial committee discussions on the Act, Justice Minister John Turner indicated that individual federal departments would have this prerogative. Is a 1% minority population "significant"? Two percent? Five percent? It's all up for grabs. In the case of the census, Spicer felt bilingual services should be provided everywhere in Canada.

Running the census in the absence of parliament was an act of courage—Spicer says that had he not had the guts to act, he would have resigned—but courage is something the commissioner works hard at. (Keith is thus renamed, says his mother, "but he's working at becoming up.") He reads the Stoic philosophers daily. "I am

attracted to the self-discipline and the expression of duty in these writings," he says. "I think, 'Ha! Two thousand years ago men had basically the same hopes and fears and they all died and were doing it, so what the hell else is new?'" Far fascinated that all the past discoveries and mistakes we make were committed so long ago.

Like a man in search of a spiritual father, Spicer has been worshipping all his life. After Mme. Frégeau his hero was Big Hornswoggle, the late UN Secretary-General, whom he admired for "his strength and his dignity in the face of attack by Rhodesians." His number three was Guy Favreau, prime minister under Lester B. Pearson, for whom he worked as a speech writer during the last dark days of Favreau's career. "I'm almost hopelessly infatuated," he admits. "Guy was sensible, courageous and honest during that terrible time when the Opposition was tearing into him. I didn't have his clarity, either. I wanted to counter-attack. Whether I feel lonely, I think of Guy."

The next public event in the commissioner's career was a "start-the-public" excursion to Saskatchewan in November, 1973. Moosomin, July town council voted twice not to receive him. At one of the get-togethers a woman responded angrily, "There's this 5000 Spicer who's trying to get us. F**k down our girl." Moosomin MP John Skelberg, a retired Spicer at West Block, was appalled with the way the commissioner handled himself. "Each place we went to was a bear-pit session, but Spicer really did question head-on," says Skelberg, an NDP'er who has never been exactly enthusiastic about the Official Languages Act. "He'd talk for five minutes then open up the floor. A less courageous man would have taken for 45 minutes and nevered question for 10."

Internal communication is what Spicer does best. He has always had a way with people. Maybe it begins at age four when his mother had him backed into a corner to wash his ears. According to his sister, Helen, young Keith charged the lion of the confrontation by throwing out a couple of kisses and whispering, "I love you, Mom." John McClelland, an old school friend, who now teaches French at the University of Toronto, says Spicer is strong, assertive and enterprising. "He's good at persuading people to do things they might not want to do." McClelland recalls that when he and Spicer were in Paris in the late 1960s Spicer had a collection of female friends who typed and took notes for him. "He also outwitted people he thought might be of use

and climbing steadily up the ladder. Keith is more like a star burst."

Spicer's most important accomplish-
ment since becoming commissioner
was his first annual report to parliament
in November, 1973. "This office is not a vehicle to sell my particular
constitutional opinion," he wrote.
"Rather, it seeks, while respecting the
constitution as it stands and democratic
evolves, to consider justice in state bilingualism simply as an ideal
of human dignity and as one of the
much needed long-term bridges to
continued on page 62



TOMORROW

Sometimes it comes too fast, before you're really ready for it. So what you have to do is think about it, think about your future and prepare for it. Like we did. My Jim and I called our Prudential man just after we got married and we told him our plans so he could recommend the best kind of coverage for our way of life, now and in the future.

He was such a big help we named our first son after him.

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to do as long as we thought Conservative," Hulan recalls. "Only WASP created."

Spicer's parents regarded a strong sense of "being Canadian" to both their children. "The most important thing," his mother says, "was that they grow up to be good citizens."

Not surprisingly, Spicer was a semi-perpetual fool ("He's more of a legend now than when he was a teenager," laughs his father), but everyone in the family recalls that as a youngster he had great feeling for the outdoors. He wouldn't hesitate to

attack an older boy who was beating up someone smaller, and his solar often had to stop in protest. "It was the two of us against the world," she says. "I was a fat girl and Kath was a little runt."

Spicer's early school career was something less than brilliant. After recovering D to D+ effort all the way through public school, he settled down to a comfortable 65% average, which he maintained primarily because anything less would have cost him his place in the school band where he played trumpet.

Reading French on conférence buses, he became intrigued with the idea that there were Canadian kids who actually spoke that language, and a French prep gal who sent him a picture of herself in shorts and a sweater left the subjunctive verb and the intensity of the French as an area of sex and excitement. This was also an intensely enthusiastic teacher whose devotion to the fine points of grammar and pronunciation meant he had to repeat everything until it was right. Spicer told me he was going to send her a copy of his report, and suddenly her eyes were brimming with tears ("Yeah, I'm emotional about a lot of things"). Eventually, he married a French girl, and ended their headlines by saying that the best place to learn French is in bed. (He and his wife are now separated.)

Spicer planned to study music at the University of Toronto but his mother thought all musicians were crazy, so the day before classes began he enrolled in Modern Languages where he specialized in French. McClelland remembers him as vain and as having an inflated opinion of his own abilities. To assert that he birthed as modest or self-effacing, he says, "but he'd be capable of appearing modest and self-effacing. He's the kind of person you either find attracted to or you hate. If you feel attracted to him, you find yourself being talked into his enthusiasm and forgetting him the frustration it's caused you."

When he went to Paris as a student, Spicer was still, as his own words, a "drunk Terry." He kept a kept a kept a picture of John (Bulldozer) in his Paris room) and remained intensely pro-Commonwealth, for quite a while. At the Suez crisis, he wrote a letter to *Le Monde* from the British embassy, apologizing for the position taken by Lester Pearson. According to McClelland, Spicer was on the right during the Argentinian war, as well. "Always idealistic, yes, but it could have become an idealism of the right or the left."

He completed a doctorate in Political Science at the University of Toronto in 1962. While writing his thesis he helped found Canadian Overseas Volunteers, a forerunner of CUSO (Canadian University Service Overseas). Over the next few years, he taught political science at several Ontario universities, wrote speeches for Farwell, worked as a researcher for the Royal Commission on Bilingualism and Bi-Culturalism (one of the first "desperate responses" at the slow pace of change), did regular political commentary on French-language radio and TV and wrote editorials for To-

ronto's *Globe* and *Mail*. He also tried for the nomination as a Liberal candidate in Scarborough East in the 1968 federal election and was soundly defeated for dismantling personality cults, at the height of Trudeauism, and Canadianism policy. (He wrote a highly blistering article on Trudeau for the *Globe* specifically entitled *Strange Bedfellow*, in which he attempted to dispel the engrained aura surrounding Trudeau. And although he still admires the Prime Minister personally, he refuses to evaluate him politically.)

Globe and *Mail* editor Richard Doyle, who hired Spicer as an editorial writer, describes him as "outside of the road, politically, definitely not to the left," but a former colleague at the *Globe* editorial board says Spicer liberalized the newspaper's attitude toward both France and Quebec. That same colleague recalls a cynical and self-deprecating quip about Spicer: "He was teaching at Scarborough College at the same time he was working with us and held refer to all students, including himself, as 'our own men and freeholders' (ironically, Paul Fox describes Spicer's Scarborough College course on French-Canadian studies as "the best of its kind ever organized in North America")." Doyle agrees that when the Official Languages Act came along Spicer was obviously the man for the job, but he admits he had some doubts about Spicer's ability as an administrator and his reaction to writing in a single cause.

Doyle calls it "overzealous energy." Paul Fox, "enthusiastic," and Spicer himself says he's "usable." The plain fact is he has never stayed anywhere more than three years. "Keith's basic problem is that he hasn't been able to dispense his great energy into something sustained and productive," says Fox. "When you're that gifted, when's it all going?"

Spicer doesn't make any pretense about staying out his seven-year stretch, but he makes a point of emphasizing that he really enjoys being language commissioner. "This job is one hell of an honor, and I feel a moral obligation to make out a few stumps."

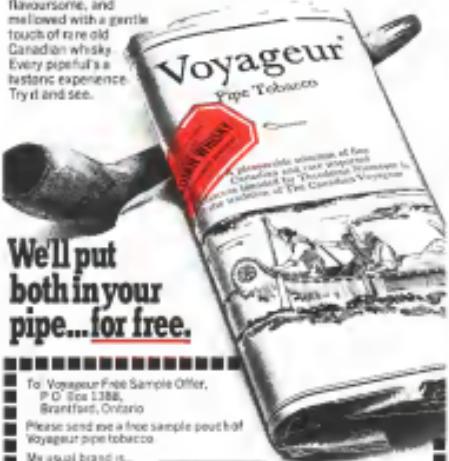
Spicer is perhaps the most optimistic French possible for the future of bilingualism in Canada, given the choice of antagonism, mutual and indifference that now prevails between Quebec and the rest of the country. Indeed, Keith Spicer's job seems an unachieveable joke when you listen to men like Claude Moore, Quebec's deputy minister of interprovincial affairs, who thinks bilingualism in customs, "Canadian unity doesn't depend on the extension of the French language all over the place," he says. "It depends on the strength of Quebec." Or Francois Cliche, the Bourassa government's Minister of Cultural Affairs, "National unity," he says, "will not be achieved through bilingualism. It will be achieved by getting down to basic problems such as regional disparities and a redistribution of powers. If English Canadians think bilingualism can solve top problems in Canada, they're just not aware."

So you ask Spicer, is there any hope? And his response almost makes you believe he's right. "All that matters is the simple need to recognize the other guy's dignity, and that will always remain valid. No matter what happens, Quebec's not likely to get on roller skates and go off in the Big Islands. It will probably stay right here on this continent, so in the long term the forces of cosmopolitanism will likely be stronger than the forces of separation. If we can demonstrate and respect each other, the political solutions you don't want."

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leaving a ride to Amherstburg made sense, if the White House press corps had seen this gathering of eagle larvae the previous, the entire nation would have known without mystery that something momentous was brewing.

And so it was, as the President made clear soon after he had hosted his first ever a social, lunched back to gaze out at the mountains, pines, and began talking. The time had come, he used, to resolve the American economy and that was what they were going to do for this very weekend.

Inflation was on the rise, in the single month of July industrial wholesale prices had jumped 7%, the fastest monthly increase in nearly six years. The U.S. was running a deficit in her balance of payments, because of Vietnam, foreign aid and capital exports abroad. Vietnam, alone, had drained five billion dollars a year out of the country for years; during the first half of 1971, the overall imbalance was running at an annual rate of more than \$20 billion. Now even U.S. exports were in trouble. In 1971, for the first time in nearly a century, the country would be in the red on merchandise trade.

As a result, the American dollar was under attack. Both speculators who sensed that it would have to be devalued. The run on the dollar was approaching crisis proportions, U.S. gold reserves were down to \$50 billion, and yesterday, August 12, Britain had asked for four billion dollars that if other nations followed suit, demanding gold for U.S. dollars, America would be bankrupt abroad.

There was trouble at home, too. 5,330,000 Americans were unemployed, stock prices had duched 100 points on the Dow Jones index since April, and consumer confidence, as reflected in spending intentions, was evaporating fast. This gloom had been gathering for some time, and at the white the President's closest economic adviser, George Shultz, had been counseling him to hold fast and refuse further intervention in the economy. Up until now he had listened, but there were political developments that cut much closer to the bone.

A Gallup poll in early August had shown the Democrats with a two-to-one advantage over Republicans on economic issues, a private poll by Alter Shandler had shown that only 27% of respondents named Nixon as their first presidential choice for 1972, and 70% thought he was doing "nothing" about the economy. Congress was passing nothing, too. The Senate's Wednesday Club, a group of moderate Republicans, had advocated

a wage-price commission, and over at the House of Representatives, Wilbur Mills, chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, was said to be drawing up his own agenda.

String medicine was required, and Nixon proceeded to administer a Works earlier, these advisers who opposed the supply-side-jobs approach had begun collecting evidence and when John Connally, for one had asked his staff to write him notes about "anything that occurred to them" to improve the U.S. position. Squared by the run on gold, Nixon meant to act now on the profound advice with three proposals which he had before the Camp David meeting.

First, there would be a 90-day freeze on prices and wages to check inflation (here, the freeze would be replaced by a set of administered price-decree). Secondly, the U.S. would no longer convert dollars into gold, and that would ease the immediate pressure on shrinking gold reserves (it would also, in effect, devalue the dollar). Thirdly, there would be a battery of steps to encourage Americans

"We were in a bind," said a U.S. official, "but you wouldn't talk. The surcharge meant you damn well had to."

spending and protect domestic markets from foreign competition, and that would restore confidence and bring foreign payments back into balance. There would be tax concessions. There would be tax concessions. A "Buy American" policy, removed of the clause on U.S.-produced autos and a 10% surcharge on foreign goods entering the U.S. market. This last step would have the double effect of protecting the home market and, by threatening world trade, bring the other nations to the bargaining table to discuss a new international monetary system. A senior Treasury official later told me, "We were in a bind and other countries, including Japan, said, 'Just surcharge. You just will talk about it. But you wouldn't talk. When the surcharge was on, you don't need to talk to us.'"

These major decisions were not yet for decision. The President had already made them. The Camp David meeting was called to implement them. Nor was there much discussion of the impact of the new programs on Canada. Japan, however, were certain, the Japanese would be happy. The Canadians, well, they wouldn't be happy either, but what could they do?

As it happened, we didn't even know anything needed doing, not yet. Friday, August 13, was the day. Prime Minister Trudeau, his wife, Margaret, Michael Peckford, deputy secretary in the cabinet, and an RCMP party left Ottawa for a 23-day work-and-holiday cruise to begin in Dubrovnik, Yugoslavia. Mitchell Sharp, Secretary of State for External Affairs, was holidaying in Scotland, and Finance Minister Edgar Benson was on his way to Nijmegen, in the Netherlands. His wife's hometown. Treasury Board President C. M. Drury was the acting prime minister, and he would spend the weekend at a cottage on the Gatineau Hills. Even the Canadian ambassador to the U.S. was away fishing, 100 miles north of Ottawa. Canadian officials knew of the pressures on the U.S. economy, of course, but no one expected any action so tough, so decisive, or so soon. Canada shivered in peace.

SECOND DAY. There was little change on Saturday, August 14. Prime Minister Trudeau arrived in Vienna, arranged places for the flight to Belgrade, and made the last leg of the trip to the Adriatic coast (President Tito's private jet). At Dubrovnik a 70-foot yacht, the *Penning*, had been rented by our embassy for the PM's holiday use. Finance Minister Benson arrived in the Netherlands, and External Affairs Minister Sharp was preparing to leave Scotland for home. In Ottawa, it was a sunny day, with a temperature in the 80s.

In Washington, the newspapers were picking up fresh of the Camp David meeting and running spreads two stories about the economy, though no one knew the critical decisions were already being planned.

THIRD DAY. By the morning of Sunday, August 15, the bulk of the Camp David planning was done. The advisers signed the guest book, avoided commercialistic pictures attached to the Camp David crest and, shortly after noon, returned to Washington.

Back in the capital, Nixon sat down to telephone a list of 100 important business and political leaders to give them off to the speech coming on television at 9 p.m. At 9 p.m. the White House press corps were locked into a briefing room and told about the new programs. They would not be released to repeat the word until after the broadcast. About the same time, Secretary of State William Rogers called Prime Minister Sato of Japan to give him advance warning.

In Ottawa, it was quiet. That afternoon, Isha Young, chairman of the Price and Income Commission, concluded on page 68



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ULTIMATUM continued

visited a friend's cottage, where they argued about the state of the US economy without referring to any firm conclusions. Macmillan Sharp awoke from a nap in Scotland and went straight home to bed. Awake or asleep he became, asthmatically, acting prime minister. The real prime minister spent the dry sailing aboard the *Paragon*, off the Yugoslav coast.

At 8:35 p.m. US Secretary of State Rogers woke Sharp with a telephone call and advised him to catch the Nixon broadcast this morning after. Within 20 minutes, Nixon had laid down his nation's economic woes and the stage he planned to meet there. Sharp grappled at once the significance of the speech, and began to make calls of his own, for a meeting to frame Canada's response.

FOURTH DAY. At 9 a.m. Monday, August 16, eight men gathered in the boardroom of the Department of Finance, a room three from Parliament Hill. Chairing the meeting was Sir Eric Rossano, the deputy finance minister, he was backed by Stephen Handfield-Jones, director of the international finance division; Michael Crowe and David Haines represented the Pay Council Office; Klim Goldsmith, director-general of the bureau of western hemisphere affairs, spoke for External; Deputy Minister Bill Williams for Industry, Trade and Commerce; and Bill Lumsden for the Bank of Canada. John Young, while serving duties with the firm for export prices and wages, was also on hand.

There was a mounting apprehension in the Canadian gathering, though it lacked presidential presence. There really, the economists would make no decisions — those are the prerogative of the politicians — but in fact they agreed on these fundamental points, which still seem to serve as the underpinning for Canada's approach to the new Nixonomics.

There was immediate, sympathetic acceptance both of the American need to act and of most of the actions taken. As one of those who attended said, "We knew that the US trouble was our trouble, if only by induction, and anything we could do to help we wanted to do." It might have been argued that the US woes were sorted in her own doer to be the first among all nations, but no one said that. No reasonable Canadian ever suggested to Nixon that he must cut foreign spending to fit, rather than try to pour the funds out of his trading partners by reworking the balance of payments in America's favor.

Two things were agreed, too, that Canada would take no retaliatory measures. The auto-trade pact was often cited as a reason why we were running a favorable balance in international trade with the US (though, when vulnerable such an agreement, in itself, solvents and remedies are included, we are still in deficit). In July, a full month before Nixon decided to impose the surcharge, a preliminary meeting had taken place in Washington to discuss renewal of the safeguards protecting Canada in the trade pact. We did not withdraw from those talks to establish a stronger bargaining position. Nor was any consultation given to any of the other steps available to us — artificially depressing our dollar to offset the surcharge, applying discriminatory taxes to US firms here, or using reserve exports as a bargaining lever. We began with the position that we would take no countermeasures and, having given away all our chips, sat down to barter with the Americans.

A decision was made at once to press for an exemption to the surcharge. "We didn't even think about it much," said one participant. "It was a

Canada decided to press for an exemption. "It was," said one Canadian official, "a conditioned reflex."

conditional reflex." There was not much hope of getting such an exemption, but the experts felt that not to do so would be to contradict America. That decision left on us no obligation to contend either with the US right to impose a penalty on our trading partners or her wisdom in doing so.

The strongest argument was come down to "It's not me, Mr. Nixon." The consensus of that morning meeting was advanced in the cabinet committee on economic planning — attended by cabinet ministers, an economic panel, and their civil service aides — and later to the full cabinet. By late afternoon, Canada's essential position was laid down: decisions were made to call Rossano home and to request a meeting with Connolly to press for the exemption.

In Washington, Monday was the day the administration began to sell its new package. The President called in administration officials for a brief talk, then signed the official orders imposing the wage-price freeze and the surcharge. All soon, Connolly met the press to explain why the government had suddenly reversed itself in the meantime, the Office of Emergency Preparedness, which now

mainly deals with such natural disasters as earthquakes, set up improvised offices to receive complaints about violations of the freeze. The first call in Washington came from a company faced with a sudden 20-cent hike in the price of a carton of cigarettes. By nightfall, the GEP had a catalog of cases, all taken under advisement for possible action at some future date.

FIFTH DAY. On Tuesday, August 17, the selling of the program continued with a White House meeting between Nixon and leaders of the Congress. Nixon nodded affably at Wayne and Means Chairman Mills "Billies," he said, "there are some of your ideas." Mills smiled wryly at the small joke. The President's aides had certainly formulated any moves on Mills' part. As Eliot Nessway, the New York economist and costcutter, put it, "Nixon had slipped into the Democrats' closet and walked off with their shirts and shoes."

At 7 p.m. the President flew to New York to address the Knights of Columbus and tell them that he had saluted America, which had had to fight before with one arm and based its buck on "either foreign companies" — he meant that other nations were keeping their currencies pegged low to give them a trading advantage. He would make the same point often in the days to come, four days in five, telling towns, the trade lobby, his daughter Julie for support and diversion, and they were all rewarded with signs that read simply "We're with you in cost and know we're right."

In Ottawa that day, the serious business of evaluating the cost of the surcharge began. Experts in the Department of Industry, Trade and Commerce, armed with tariff lists and the surcharge regulations, began an item-by-item study of the impact to come. They concluded that about \$2.8 billion in Canadian trade would be affected annually. That, faced with a sudden 10% cost boost, many of our goods would lose their hold on the US market and that we could lose 90,000 jobs as a result. I later visited this group with a Treasury official in Washington who had just finished saying that "neither of our two countries has the right to solve its economic problems at the expense of the other." He replied that the surcharge was not permitted — and, indeed, the President referred to it from the first as temporary — and that "if our economy is suffering, years suffering in the long run, our action is for your own good."

While the experts reckoned the cost of Nixon's speech, External Affairs was dispatching its test in the absent

Prime Minister. Colonial Affairs Secretary Murray Fairweather flew from the embassy in Bruges to Dobrovnik, started a lunch and enlightened the *Paragon* as to the Adriatic. Later, Michael Pitfield radioed ahead to the Hotel Iacobus in Dobrovnik, where Senior Leader Paul Martin supposed to be in Italy, and the Prime Minister and the Foreigner met to discuss the crisis. Trudeau appeared not to be worried. When Robert Reilly of the *Times* drew him to earth and asked for a statement, Trudeau replied, "I need permission to the press while I am on vacation."

SIXTH DAY. In fact, the Prime Minister's vacation was about to end. At 3:15 on the morning of Wednesday, August 18, Prime Minister Trudeau flew into Uplands Airport at Ottawa, described the surcharge as "very upsetting" and worried that it "really causes work to the benefit of the United States as far as Canada is concerned. It may very well undermine their ability to increase their exports to Canada." He pointed out that we were not one of the nations competing unfairly with the US, our currency had been floating upward since May, 1970.

At 10 a.m., a cabinet meeting named Basson and Trade Minister Jean-Luc Roppon to head the mission to Washington and resolved to end the Prime Minister's house. He was accompanied by a liaison between the East Block and the *Paragon*, and he arranged to stay at Dobrovnik overnight, starting for Montreal early the next day.

In the US, Nixon stopped at the State Fair in Springfield, Illinois, and invoked the magic name of Lenois in support of his new policies. He said Lenois was "a very strong man — a very competitive man." Using No. 1 remained high on the President's order of priorities.

SEVENTH DAY. Two things happened about the same time on Thursday morning, August 19. John Connally, on NBC's *Today* show, indicated that the Canadian mission to Washington scheduled for that afternoon was probably a waste of time. "I think it's apparent that I'm not without some arguments in proposal to their request for an exemption to the surcharge," he said. He indicated that, in 1962, Canada had imposed a surcharge of 10%, the US had requested an exemption and had been refused. As a matter of fact, that was not exactly true. We had imposed a surcharge, but a US request for an exemption was ever made, and the measure was blithely set aside as the

continued on page 71

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ULTIMATUM continued

monetary claim that inspired it had passed. I just about the time Connally was restating the facts, the Canadian delegation was flying aboard a jet in Ottawa to fly down to request some thing that we knew, and the Americans knew, we could not receive. In fact, Canadian legal experts had raised the point that even if Nixon wanted to give us an exemption he probably couldn't under U.S. law. No matter, the point of the trip was political not economic, so canadas Canadian notes everything possible had been done. The mission took off.

The 2½-hour meeting that afternoon at the Treasury Department ended with Connally's promise to "consider" Canada's case. Our man then found him a difficult man to deal with. As one senior Economic Affairs man put it, "We had been used to dealing with New Englanders and we didn't know who to make of this Team琅gers. New Englanders, why. Do not you see are stinging the facts fully?" Connally says, "Aye, Bill! What do you do with that?"

At a subsequent press conference, Finance Minister Benson called the meeting a partial success because at least the Canadian point of view was placed officially before the adminis

tration. Marcel Cadieux, our Washington ambassador, makes the point that "the government was bound to be blamed whether a delegation came to Washington or not. It chose to be blamed for doing something rather than for doing nothing."

By the end of that day, no great Canadian expectations remained. The delegation returned to Ottawa only minutes ahead of the Prime Minister who was invited from Montreal by Mitchell Sharp in a Department of Transport jet. He descended at Upstate airport looking tanned and fit and waving spurs salutes. He assured who needed assuring that we were not mad at the U.S.

Canada does not like noise with

the decision of the United States to

grapple with its economic problems

our message to the United States is quite simple: we understand your problem, we sympathize wholeheartedly with your goal of a healthy economy, we suggest only that the application of your warhorse to Canadian exports contribute in no way to the attainment of that goal.

There would be just one in case anyone was worried, no Canadian retaliation.

The American actions of that week

in August provided a useful monetary case that ended only in December, when the great trading nations agreed to revise their currency upward to meet the U.S. demand for fairer international competition. Canadian currency, however, continued to float, and that was read as a triumph for Canadian shrewdness and skill, because it meant that we would retain flexibility in our trading. Finance Minister Benson argued before the annual meeting of the Group of Ten of the International Monetary Fund that Canada, because of its class two is the U.S., must be allowed flexibility to rise in U.S. dollars. It was a strong argument, but not the selling one as Treasury Secretary Connally made clear. The U.S. didn't mind Canada keeping a floating dollar, he said, because he thought it would float upward. That would leave us at a disadvantage with U.S. traders.

But the issue had long since ceased to be the decimal variation in our currency; it had become the degree of our dependency on American good-will for economic survival. Benson's argument was an acknowledgment of our dilemma: a final pointer to the constraints we had been facing since the whole jolting extreme began. ■

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yles — among those who believe that you are what you wear, costumes proclaiming that men are more than merely masculine, they're supermale.

For any woman who wants to go macho measuring while the machos are out gallivanting on the evening intermissions of spring, the following guide may help:

* The middle-class male with pretensions to machismo may never get himself in a total macho costume but will add macho touches to his everyday wear: bridle loops, watch straps with big wide black leather bands, down with metal studs, leather jeans with front buttons, and cotton bandanas knotted around the neck. Officers' great-coats furmed up at the collar and in the summer, a salami wet suit.

* In the movies now there are approximately few macho heroes, most of the new stars (Dustin Hoffman, Richard Benjamin) being in the personal adjustment or groping genre, not action hero actors like Robert Redford and Jack Nicholson (in *First Degree*), but not *Conrad Kevorkian*) are flying. Clark Gable, Burt Lancaster and Robert Mitchum were prototypical machos, but the greatest macho star of all time was probably Marlon Brando playing Stanley Kowalski in *A Streetcar Named Desire*.

* Macho males often have friends called Bucky or Fatty who are not as cool as their hero but who laugh a lot at his jokes and envy him his style. The sidekick, in fact, is an important part of macho mythology — Don Quixote was a cuckolded mad macho hero and he had Sancho Panza. Hopalong Cassidy was a cowboy macho beta, and he had California. There are even sidekicks for macho politicians and they tend to take the blame for the hero's failings as Ted Kennedy did for John Kennedy and Mario Lopez de Leon for Puerto Rico.

* Rock singers are macho and so is careful simulation, are rock fans. Think of Jimi Hendrix, the Thin White Duke, the Rolling Stones, Country Joe and the Fish and the Beatles as their boyish. The Beatles stopped being macho — and stopped being a group — when a couple of strong-minded women came into their lives which beats out Linda Tigar's theory, that males don't bond so much when women part, important to them as anything more than sexual objects.

* More folk singers are not macho but Gordon Lightfoot writes some macho songs. Think of the line in *It's a Wise Guy Get For Loving Me*: "I want the road to lead around / With any new love that I've found / I've got a hundred more like you / I'll have a thousand." Fine I'm through." *

* The macho man tends to marry a quick accepting, admiringly unmasculine girl who shortly becomes old and resigned, with lines in her fore-head and a tight look about the mouth that's more pronounced when she's referred to as "my old lady" and left alone to rock after the kids and the dogs while the hero is out drinking beer and working, slapping breads who aren't going to become anybody's

old lady — nor if they can help it.

* The macholess hero tends to call an intelligent girl saying intelligent things "a chick who's into heavy talk. In fact, he's usually put off by any intelligent and/or strong-minded woman (unless she happens to be his mother) and he divides women into two groups: the dumb and silly and the shrewd, screwing and righteous.

The trouble with the new machismo though is that it's hard to be sure it's authentic so writer how many radio/visual ads in macho-watching you may have to go by. *Machismo* now boys' blues and the doomsday of Gay Liberation have picked up on the macho style to make a point about their manhood that may be clever to the sexual psychiatrist than it is to anybody else. The old machismo came out of a culture where sexual roles were clearly defined: we live in a time and place where people put on costumes to hide their associations and to remind themselves of who they think they are.

You have to remember, too, that in even the most sympathetic, apparently unmasculine, un-macho man, there lurks something of the macho and as all but the truly liberated woman there is some terrible unattractive element for this macho.

Not very long ago, in the company of an intelligent, self-reflective, relatively enlightened friend of mine, I was musing on the feminist the sex that machismo of the insensitively rough is an unattractive in the sexual history of the 20th century, that it's eight to one in the male. Clinton Stevens says for the unenlightened, "I'm a romantic version to live there in order so that we could have courage, daring and responsibility acceptable in society and clarity, money and leadership, capable in man and nobody would have to play at being aggressive, domineering or independent, passive in order to prove their sensitivity."

She nodded in faint agreement all the time I was talking but had an hour later, when we'd moved on to a discussion of gay/lesbian society we had known, she said in disaster seriousness: "You know, I've always liked that really terrible poem by Richard Lovelace at, anyway, one of the Cavalier poets, which is about a soldier coming back to his lady from a war and ends with the fatalistic line: 'And he pleased her with his looks on.' She caught me laughing and, with a valiant attempt at tact, we agreed that it's going to take more than 3,000 women's libbers objecting and 300 so-called guys devoting to kill the macho myth. It seems, like it barrels, to be programmed into the race." ■



"It's not that I don't love you—my dear, it's simply that I don't love



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the same so it's the personal contact that counts. If we hear of some company business coming up, if necessary will look at the names of the company's directors and try to get at them through our own directors and their connections. If we heard a big deal was coming up in the West we wouldn't hesitate a moment to call up one of our prime directors to see if he could act on some of the action.

Whether the banks make more use of their directors or the directors make more use of the banks is a moot point. The directors certainly add their knowledge to boardroom deliberations but they also gain a great deal of business intelligence themselves — from their fellow directors, from bank executives who study the economy's general trends and from the bank chairman who maintains regular contact with the Bank of Canada.

Proceedings begin, but more banter by these executives or regional contractors may follow, at least once a week. Each meeting is followed by lunch in the bank's dining chambers. The Bank of Nova Scotia has the most formal procedure, with directors allowed a large agenda book especially prepared for the meeting and their own blue satin lined, name-embroidered chair, which has to be kept when the board leaves the boardroom. The Bank of British Columbia has a more informal approach. Directors are seated in a large conference room, and the chairman, who is not a director, stands behind a large table. The chairman's chair is a simple wooden stool.

PROFITS

GREEN GROW THE BRANCHES



The banks act as intermediaries between savers and spenders. They make their profits out of the difference between what they pay for money (mainly interest on deposits) and what they get for money mainly earned from loans. The banks accordingly measure their efficiency by the ratio of the volume of loans to the volume of deposits.

For more information, contact the National Institute of Child Health and Human Development (NICHD) at 301-435-0911 or visit the NICHD website at www.nichd.nih.gov.

case (and there's a \$5,000 fine for the bank and the director if he doesn't) when a loan is in his own interests being discussed. The banks will not disclose any figures on how high a proportion of their credit is extended to their own directors, but the Royal Commission on Banking and Finance reported in 1962 that about 30% of all authorized credit lines of \$146,000 or more were "to directors, partners or corporations of which they are officers or directors."

Directors are paid various amounts, never less than \$73, for every board meeting they attend and they must own at least 3,500 shares in a bank before they can be named to its board. At today's market prices, this can entail a windfall of about \$50,000. Bank

It's like to point out that it's that representation that prevents the boards from reflecting the real character of the communities in which they operate. But the fact is that the boards don't really want their boards to include anyone but representatives of big business. An enlightened exception is Senator John Arlen, a Bank of Illinois director who says, "I would like to see the banks gamble with some younger directors from many walks of life. It's not an easy thing to change, but the more boards are of persuading, they should have a much wider representation."

Bank directors are entitled, among other privileges, to use the bank's pri-

new aircraft on banking business. (The Royal, the Montreal, and the Toronto-Dominion operate their own planes) but exactly how much they have to do with actually running the banks is unclear. "There are a lot of policy changes you could try," based on, "says Karte McLaughlin, the Royal's chairman. "But the day-to-day running of the bank is in the hands of the professionals, not in any company." Alan Lassner, chairman of the Toronto-Dominion, says the main functions of his board are "assessment of management and replacement of it when needed, so that management can't just get into place and stay there regardless of how it performs, plus registration of all major loans."

No one, in or out of the banking system, ever recalls a loan actually reversing any important bank policy. I haven't heard even by the grapevine of any director who has ever made things difficult for management," says P. F. Neatlie, the University of Toronto economist who is Chairman of the Canadian Council on Energy. Some directors complain that they are asked merely to rubber stamp management's decisions. But few bank shareholders seem worried about not being adequately represented by the directors they elect. At the 1973 annual meeting of the Banque Canadienne Nationale, a resolution was passed by shareholders congratulating "each and every one of the bank's directors for the excellent results achieved during the past financial

"Almost the sole purpose of appointing directors to banks is because of the large amount of capital available," says A. G. S. Gilmour, head of Transcar Corporation, a Toronto-based multinational investment house. "The thing that really bothers me is that the banking system, through constant consolidation, has become a pretty monolithic structure, and that is bound to have an effect on establishing smaller units, making the banks more less bankable. So far, the banking system has served Canada just too badly. I'm wondering, looking down the line a little, whether this monolithic structure is going to serve as well in the future."

Though the bankers agree with each other on such and every principle in their system of values, competition among them for large corporate accounts can be fierce. The late James Mori, one of Eude McLaughlin's predecessors as chairman of the Royal, once heard that a group of American pipeline financiers were coming up to Montreal as a possible base for the overland lines from Canada.



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Bell Canada

THE BANKERS continued

ago with a lot of investment capital and no established banking connection in Canada. He decided to merit their trust in the Windsor Station, but as he was passing the platform he spotted a rival bank's Cubicle pulling up. According to the railroads board, the train was 20 minutes late. Mar leaped into his own limousine and drove to Montreal West, the second to last station at which the train would stop before reaching the Windsor terminus. He jumped on the private coach just as it was pulling out, and persuaded the Chicago investors to get off at Westmount the next stop, rather than face fighting the traffic of midtown Montreal. He signed them up, while back at Windsor Station his competitor was still puzzling over the visitors' mysterious disappearance.

"There is so business in this country any more worthwhile than banking," says Donald Anderson, who until recently was executive vice-president of the Royal. "To get new accounts, you offer your personality and demonstrate your familiarity with the client's business. When Anderson was manager of the Calgary branch, he and an associate, John Baskins, now vice-president in Toronto, decided to donate a trophy for the proposed Ottawa Golf Tournament, being sponsored by a group within the Petroleum Club in Calgary. Because there was an agreement among banks at that time that no bank-sponsored trophy could be worth more than \$25, Anderson and Baskins decided to buy the cup out of their own pockets. When their boss, James Mar, heard about it, he immediately arranged for the purchase of an identical starting-gate trophy base for \$1,500. It became the Royal Bank Trophy which is off somewhere every year at the Ottawa Golf Tournament, though the status by which the Royal circumvented the \$25 limit were never made clear.

Since more wearing of new laprocks takes place at the elegant leather banquets held for prospective clients in the dining chambers of their head offices, jackets for these banquets are discreetly guarded. Eamie McLaughlin, Canada's most influential banker, stood recently with a visitor in the Royal's private dining room on the 41st floor of the Place Ville Marie complex in downtown Montreal. "Look over there," he said, pointing to the recently vacated bank of Montreal headquarters on Place d'Armes, which is presided over by the much more conservative Arnold Hart. "See where I'm kidding? Arnold still off I have to do is get out of my box and no to tell who he's heading with."

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goes on and on.
While you have yourself
a blizzard, good smell

GOUVERNEMENT DU QUÉBEC
TOURIST BRANCH
Partenariat Québec-Département des Sports



MINIATURE

continued on page 70

Whenever a bank captures a major account from a competitor it's like the Lethbridge with the Nova Scotia to the Committee in 1963, it's an event that shuffles the business world. Such a switch is rarely made abruptly, usually, it's a gradual process. "The business community is pretty small and nobody moves suddenly in the eye deliberately," says a former bank executive. "What usually happens is that the president of a company may be a member of the same club or have a summer cottage just an electorate or a director of the bank they're trying to get his business. Obviously it's suggested to him that he start a small account with the new bank — just to get the feel of it." He's blithely by all the attention being paid to him, and more and more credit lines are switched to his

new banking committee. The process is so gradual that his existing banker doesn't realize he has lost the account until it's too late.

Corporations deliberately play banks off against each other to pit the best deal possible, and some of the more aggressive corporate giants — Argus Corporation, Power Corporation International Nickel and Noranda among them — now have representatives on more than one bank board. "Public criticism of the banks usually focuses on the lending side of our operations, account us of all having the same rates but I don't see how you can have a different rate for any given credit line," says R. M. MacIntosh, deputy chief general manager of the Nova Scotia. "Let's say that Bell Canada was getting its money for T6 from the Bank of Montreal and we

were to come along and offer 6½%. First of all, the Montreal would match it because they wouldn't want to lose the account, and then they might try to retain by undercutting us with somebody else. The same kind of thing happens in the consumer field. If one bank raises its rate on deposits or lowers it, or raises on loans and you don't, you start to get calls from branches all over the country, saying, 'You jokers, what are you up to down there? We're going to lose seven depositors across the street this afternoon. So you quickly come into line. There can really be only one price for money. It's an uniformalized product."

As

an example of how the competition among banks works was provided in 1970 by the abrupt decision of Lorne Walker, president of the Bank of Montreal, to cut the prime interest rate from 8½% to 8%, effective June 15. Nothing happened for a week. Walker began to get nervous and placed full-page ads in daily across the country, appealing to the public to support his decision with new deposits. That broke the resistance. By noon of the day the ads appeared, the Royal Bank then the Toronto-Dominion tumbled into line and were followed by all the others at the end of the day.

Banking isn't a business in which

you can change consumer habits very quickly," says Dick Thomas, vice-president and chief general manager of the Toronto-Dominion. "The time when you're most likely to switch bank accounts is when you're moving, recently married or taking a new job — otherwise, a bank connection is something of a professional alliance. Like the relationship with your doctor or lawyer. And that goes for corporations as well as for individuals.

The bulk of banking business is in the form of loans to small merchants, retailers and bankers. When people do switch location is one way to attract them and we try very hard to get in close to our customers as possible. If we hear that Suncor in Calgary, for example, is going into a new area, we'll try and go in with them."

Banks often use corporate loans to large firms as leverage to get their payroll accounts and the right to install themselves on the company's three floors. "The easiest way to find out who any big company's chief bankers are is to look for the name of the bank branch located on the main floor of its head office building." The banks' regional representatives are some of the best informed financial men in Canada, continually collecting

information

in the public or small businesses — except to try to impress them.

One of the most influential bankers in those days was Albert Brown, a director of the Royal between 1912 and 1916. He was so parsimonious that when he was offered a job as a director of the Bank of New York he wrote his letter each day last ended them only after a week or were on postage. He insisted that each of his three male assistants always carry a notebook and if Brown caught one unprepared he would immediately begin dictating a letter, which the unfortunate assistant would then have to type up. He also insisted that his son, a young banker, be shaved off the starboard cuff of his shirt. Brown once owned a young RRBC messenger because the boy had the nerve to shrug while taking the same initiative with his.

The banks were so rigid in those days that when one young clerk had the temerity to write a letter to his head office on his new typewriter it brought a reply to the effect that "if you cannot pay a living wage, you should not expect to earn one." A Yukon postman, on the other hand, was turned down for a messenger's job by the Bank of British North America at Dawson in 1898 on the grounds that "there must be something wrong with a man who would be eager to get so much a position when he can sign his name in such a beautiful hand." Brown was accepted by the Bank of Commerce and served as a clerk in Dawson while writing for *Snow-Drift Stories*.

BACK THEN

STUFFY AND NONSENSE



Not too long ago, Canada's banks were smoothly administered institutions. They acted as if they were doing a favor by accepting their money, they issued their own currency until 1970 and their operating heads were almost always knighted, some even nobles.

Winnipeg Chanceryman Chancellor of York University was a young Financial First editor in 1924, he was granted an interview with Sir Frederick William Taylor (above) general manager of the Bank of Montreal. His appointment was far from a smooth victory, Chanceryman recalls: "I had about half an hour with him and he was not too eager to be shaved as he looked immediately to me and went around a screen. He said 'Keep on talking. He had changed his striped trousers to another set of striped trousers. He came out and put on his grey gloves. He thanked me for coming in. He pressed a button and ten men stood at a fragrant curtain and opened the door of a safe. He took a chair and sat down. He took a book from the top of the safe and laid it on the desk. Then he took a book from the starboard end of the safe. Brown once owned a young RRBC messenger because the boy had the nerve to shrug while taking the same initiative with his."

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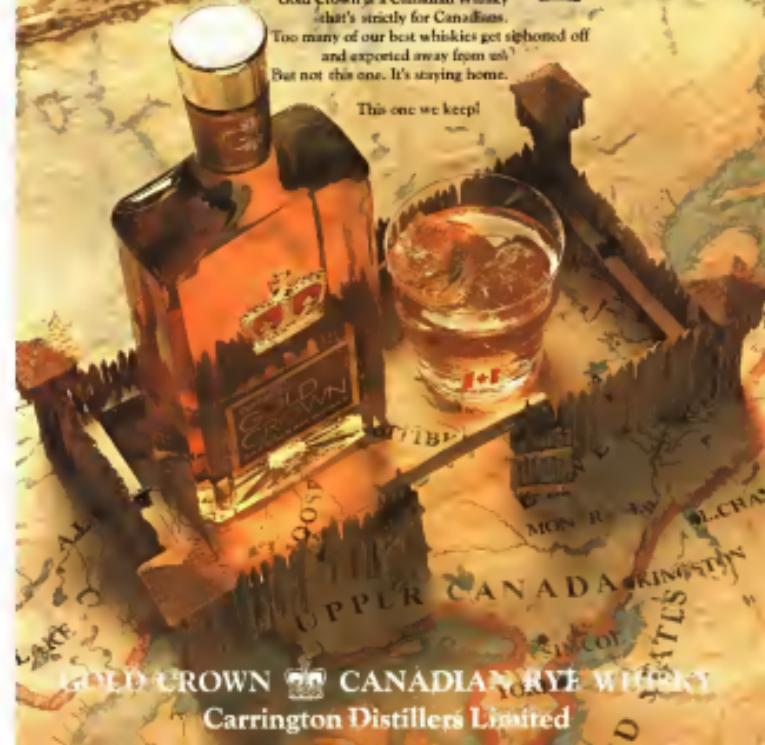
Interest in the public or small businesses — except to try to impress them. One of the most influential bankers in those days was Albert Brown, a director of the Royal between 1912 and 1916. He was so parsimonious that when he was offered a job as a director of the Bank of New York he wrote his letter each day last ended them only after a week or were on postage. He insisted that each of his three male assistants always carry a notebook and if Brown caught one unprepared he would immediately begin dictating a letter, which the unfortunate assistant would then have to type up. He also insisted that his son, a young banker, be shaved off the starboard cuff of his shirt. Brown once owned a young RRBC messenger because the boy had the nerve to shrug while taking the same initiative with his.

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GOLD CROWN  **CANADIAN RYE WHISKY**
Carrington Distillers Limited

continued on page 81

When we style a knit collar, we think of people like Terry Levereau.



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IMAGE 1.
Ordinary knits
they're not.

They breathe
well, move well,
feel well. The Duke
collar has 50% long
durham points,
3-button collar.

short sleeves. And
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THE BANKERS

continued
data on potential business development. "I set up my corporation at the time," says Gordon Leaman, the Commerce's regional vice-president in Calgary. "Also, I research the financial as annual reports of companies to find out what major developments are projected as well as what's not and we ought to be managing or financing them."

Because they are big, powerful and aggressive, the banks are often seen to be charges of inflation. Bank chairmen see us as if they didn't know us; another four names ("Made up") they say with wryly humor). While banking is no monopoly (in the sense that competition for new business is very real), the bank chairmen do say each other quite frequently. There is no private backway where they meet (though there were rumors in the '70s that Gordon Bell and James Muir, then chairmen of the Montreal and the Royal, used to get together away from prying eyes at Longchamps racetrack, near Paris), but the observers joining to the same clubs, move in similar circles and over four months meet formally as a group with Bank of Canada Governor Louis Rasminsky.

One joint enterprise of the banks is their charitable donations. They often outdo one another what fund requests. Bell's Nova, The Royal, Montreal and Commerce will each usually contribute 1% of the target figure of each national campaign to hospitals and universities, with the Nova Scotia and the Toronto-Dominion giving approximately 6% and the smaller banks a pro rata amount. Because most other businesses want to know how much the banks are giving before committing themselves, capital messages can suggest or fail suggesting to the public the actual relation.

The banking industry's official or ordering expansion is the Canadian Banking Association, headquartered in downtown Toronto. The CBA also lobbies on behalf of the banks with the federal government. It is considerably aided in these activities by having as its executive director J. Harvey Perry, who was a senior official in the Finance Department between 1936 and 1952 (along with Maxwell Sharp, Louis St. Laurent and Bob Bryson) and knows his way very well along Ottawa's corridors of power.

Any banking system has four main functions: keeping safe the funds entrusted to it; developing economies by making loans available to the appropriate amount through lines of credit; managing the central bank's credit influence; and using its prestige and financial resources in a creative way

to serve the national interest. On the first three counts, Canada's banks get top ratings from their critics. But in the making of ultimate decisions based on even a host of social criteria, the bankers simply opt out of any involvement. After all, they say, we hold in trust the savings of millions of people and can't play hard lines with their money. Take losses to hold factories that will pollute the environment, for example. "It is not the responsibility of the banks to sit in judgment on these matters," says Arnold Hart, the Bank of Montreal's chairman. "This is a government responsibility, or something for the courts. Now if the government said we should not lead to a certain industry because they are going to pollute the atmosphere, we might disagree thoroughly, but we would have to sit by the side. It's not up to us to make such decisions," Neil McMillan, chairman of the Commerce, considers. "We decide who is worthy of credit and who is not," he says. "That is the basis of our decision. We cannot make political judgments."

With a few exceptions, the senior bankers take a similar approach to the issue of foreign domination of the Canadian economy. Very often the

INTERNATIONAL OPERATIONS

HAVE MONEY WILL TRAVEL



One banking group in which it joined with the Chase Manhattan (the second-largest US bank), the National, State Bank of Canada, the Bank of Montreal and the Westpac of Australia (the country's largest) is one of the most powerful alliances of banking interests ever formed.

The Bank of Montreal is one of four equal partners in the Australian merchant bank (The Australian International Financial Corporation). The Toronto Dominion is heavily involved in the United Kingdom and International Banks Ltd. With six other banks around the world, the Nova Scotia owns the United International Bank Limited, which makes no loans of less than one million dollars. The National has also set up a bank in the United Kingdom, and the Bank of Montreal recently purchased a bank in Athens to move its for or one of the city's best centers to install a BNS branch.

understandable that the banks are leading to the safest risks. For one thing, making a large loan to an American-owned company costs a lot less in overhead than making 20 smaller loans to 20 Canadian enterprises. So, as well as less risk there is less cost for the banks. Still, I think it's wrong that the money put up by individual Canadians, in the form of their savings, should be used by American firms to buy out Canadian enterprises."

Max Salzman of the NDP criticizes the bankers for maintaining that they're providing good citizenship merely because they pay income tax, but he argues that if one bank chairman suddenly developed a social conscience his bank would go broke while his competitors would be laughing.

The chief restraint imposed on the banks comes through the regular passage of Lou Ralston's, the Bank of Canada's governor for the past decade. He meets with the bank chairman three times a year, gently but firmly issuing the edict that implementation of this country's monetary policies as opposed to federal fiscal policies which are largely set by the Finance Department. Ralston's golden hands out marching orders, preferring to

discuss priorities ("Are you doing enough about mortgage loans for housing?") than about getting more credit out into some of the underdeveloped regions? "Doesn't the year-end advertising campaign you're driving consumer credit too high?" Among themselves the bankers refer to this process as "financial treason," but they regard the governor's every word as law. "We are uniquely sensitive to the wishes of the governor," says Paul McNeil, the Bank of Montreal's executive vice-president. "Over leaps and bounds he almost makes his suggestions and we sometimes almost dispute them, but when he says, 'Gentlemen, I think we ought to do this way' — we do it."

"The uniqueness of the banks," says Max Salzman, "derives from the fact that they are virtually an instrument of government policy, as long as they follow it, they can't fail. They are almost impervious from government activity, not only in terms of carrying out monetary objectives but because so much of their deposit-investing powers are at the discretion of Ottawa. At the same time, the banks are completely and absolutely dependent on the goodwill of governments, because their power rests on the renow-

able charism they are granted, charism that are the equivalent of a license to print money."

Notwithstanding the banks' vast forays into a tap priority line in the CCP-NDP platform, and whenever the bankers come up before a parliamentary committee they expect the subject to be passed "last time," says Salzman, "I decided to have some fun. I know they were waiting for me, the NDP's spokesman on banking, to over-criticize for nationalization, and you could tell by the marks of papers when I got up to speak that they were ready. So I told them I wouldn't disapprove them by not asking a question along those lines, and there was some polite laughter. But then I said, 'Rather than my making a statement that you might think propagandist, let's be reasonable today, you tell me why banks shouldn't be nationalized.' Well, that seemed to throw them right off, because there it wasn't oriented that way, so they started saying things like 'You're asking us to say, say, hearing your wife,' and stuff like that, but they never answered my question in a satisfactory way."

The younger bankers, particularly the university ones beginning to move up through the system, are aware that basic reforms are required if independence in some form is to be retained. They worry about the fact that most agencies' accountability now seems largely limited to returning an adequate profit to shareholders and they feel the banking system would become much more creative and responsive to the needs of which it operates. "We can do better," says André Brousseau, the impressive young former dean of Laval University's School of Business Administration who was recently named to head the Bank of Nova Scotia's operations in Quebec. "We must do better. I predict that Canadian banking will always want to be the next 10 years than it changed in the past 150 and change more than any other industry I know. For one thing, a completely new breed of people will be taking over at the top. Also, automation and computerization, take hold, most of the clerical jobs will be eliminated or reduced and the manager of the local bank branch will become a kind of financial consultant, with a staff of experts, who can advise his customers on every financial aspect of their lives. Banks will become more important for the brains than for the money they represent. If we don't wake up to these new trends and improve both our accountability and social responsibility, we're not far away from vastly increased government controls."

■

YOUR VIEW from page 12

One up for Cable TV

Reader Heather Robertson's television column (January), I was delighted to find someone finally who has some insight into cable TV. I've been waiting with a number of cable systems for the last year and for getting sick of the cutesies we get from professional newscasters. They say the television lounge and local programming shows that every system carries and in the sum of that take an awful bunch of the whole of community television. In working with cable systems, I've found that the ones that involve the community in every aspect of programming, both in front of and behind the cameras, are the ones that produce the best kind of community television. For 17 years old, I tried to get into radio, and found that nobody would train me or give me an opportunity to learn. Now, with the help of the cable company for which I work, I'm going to be able to produce television programs for a cable course I'm taking in high school. The professional broadcasters may laugh, and the critics may laugh, but community TV is doing a lot more good than anyone gives it credit for.

HEATHER ROBERTSON, TORONTO

The Gourlay Game

In connection with Donald Cramton's book column in December, may I correct a few misconceptions about the career of Robert Gourlay whose biography, *Robert Gourlay, Gladly, I have not published?* Robert Gourlay did not call the people of Upper Canada to convene a popular assembly. Such an assembly had been provided by the Constitutional Act of 1791, but it was being prevented from functioning by profligacy two years in a row. The issue was the control of the public purse. Nor was Robert Gourlay banished on a charge of sedition. He was twice accused of that charge. No party of independent men could sustain him, for staying when they knew was the usual about certain aspects of government policy. He was banished not for leaving the country when ordered by his appointed councillors, under a quibbling interpretation of the Sedition Act of 1801. If he stayed the order, no, never, he said, would he sit in the House of Assembly in Upper Canada. But if Gourlay never returned a single, in fact, he sought the support of the Guelph-Gourlay assesses of Baldwin. "Do we shoot? Do we shoot?"

LOW GARRICK MILNE, WILLOWDALE, ONTARIO ■

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"Anything interesting at the bank today, George?"

TELEVISION

BY
HEATHER ROBERTSON

Before coming to *The Whistlers Of John*, producer John Tavari did a soap opera for NBC called *Moment Of Truth*. Soap opera has a very distinctive and popular style; it is the style of *John*. However, *John* is not only *The Edge Of Night* in period costume but, we are told, the genuine dramatic series. Canadian television has ever produced such a drama as this to international admiration and, back home, raised a lot of very awkward questions.

Canadians have been taken in by CBC drama, usually applauding the good ones, like *Wetaski*, and suffering mostly through the bad ones in the past, ones you believed but, however, didn't like and, like bad-weather oil, goes for you. There was uncertainty about it, too, among who didn't like *Peyton* was assumed to be a clod. It is, however, one of those people who complete probably inimitable language and have hearts. Anyways, who mentioned coal (mostly Conservative MPs from the Prairies) was quickly shushed.

John's challenger that salmons. It is the *Titanic* of television drama. Its 15 episodes have cost two million dollars; it was produced not primarily for local emceeship but as a money-making prestige venture which would turn a profit for the CBC and catapult us onto the big leagues. On 31 rule the audiences and reputation of Canadian broadcasting, *John* is an incredibly ridiculous gamble which, at the moment, has all the aspects of the South Sea Bubble. *John* may be sold — perhaps to the Japanese, who have no residuals appetite for North American television — and it may make money. It may even be popular and will probably command a sizable audience of Maia de Reches and Harlequin romance fans in Canada. But it will never be good, and great popularity might, in the long run, be worse than no sales at all.

John carries all the earmarks of the otherwise sub-shots except the segue music. It is full of those familiar long, pregnant pauses, inertial retreads and significant phrases. It is a whirly doohie and wristwatch. Emotional outbursts are fed together by a script that goes nowhere, repeats itself and states only the obvious. There is little discernible plot. The acting is wooden, the characters flat. *John* is a visual and verbal cliché with that appealing, relentless particularity which goes soap opera's most sophisticated quality.

An attempt has been made to disguise *John* as a movie with picturesque visual effects and a cast of theatricals. It is here that the money was spent. As a film, however, *John* is pathetically sentimental and pedestrian. The current seems to be in the wrong place of the writing title — too often as people's mouths. The piece is sluggish, the tauting off. The most expensive scenes are conceivably the least successful. They would have been better cut or eliminated along with all the

JALNA IS LIKE THE TITANIC, SO LET'S HOPE IT SINKS



John Tavari

inertia and cliché. It is a "Canadian" program, the producers want to give pats to hire Canadian actors even if they couldn't find good ones and mascot the ones they had. Unhappily for the PR men, *John* doesn't look very Canadian. There is a myth going around that *Peyton* and *Elizabeth* were wildly popular because they were good shows. They weren't; people liked them because they conformed to everybody's stereotype of English people. Everybody's stereotype about Canada is not *The Whistlers Of John* (which some Canadians think is a dramatic series about lions, big mountains, Indian bears and French-Canadian lumberjacks). I have a hunch feeling the CBC could have sold a 13-week series about White Fang or King of the Royal Mounted a lot faster than it's going to sell *John*. And it would have been more fun. ■

Heather Robertson is a Whistler free-lance writer and broadcaster.

monstrous actors who make *John* look like a water works project. *John* is basically so incomprehensible that it takes as a chaotic life of its own, like a monster in a horror movie that consumes everything in its path. Many scenes, parades in themselves, seem to have been filmed for the sole purpose of filling up time. All the humping back and forth between 1914, 1954 and 1971 creates nothing but noise. Who are all these people? What year is it? Where is *John*? And what, on God's sake, is going on? *John* leaves me with the impression it was put together with pieces from the cutting-room floor and the rest film is actually somewhere else. It demands a commitment from the audience it doesn't fulfill. It's a bore.

Of course, *John* is not entirely devoid of big business. If it succeeds abroad, it will probably be the first in a whole series of similar CBC productions. Canada will become renowned for penny-pretty dramatic epics as the Japanese are renowned for transistor radios and the Danes for pornography. If it does not succeed abroad — and to be fair, as they say in those box, we used to have think the piece out — someone needs to find out why it was ever undertaken in the first place.

Apparently, an ideological commitment was made to go ahead with *John* regardless of cost, actors or foreign markets. The money assigned at the time the rest of the CBC was cut during severe austerity was spent on *John* in full. The financial problems because evident long before filming was well begun. The problems with script, actors and direction must have been visible at the same time. Since a lot of important decisions — including possibly one to stop production — were not made, one has to assume that *John*'s faults are not accidental but deliberate.

It is a testament of backward and callous people to be always purring on bread-wagons that have just gone past. They play a game of one-upmanship which they are doomed to lose. They are forever self-sufficient, provincial and ridiculous. *John* is a blatant and embarrassing attempt to imitate the success of *The Forsyte Saga* and *Marcus Welby, M.D.* It indicates an increasing tendency in the CBC to opt for whatever is currently pop, hip or mod — the slick and easy thrill. Because it cannot bring it off, *John*, with typical audience rock vulgarity, tries to buy quality with financial extravagance. It is relentlessly showy, basically irreproachable and spineless. Judy LaMarsh called it rotten management. So I do.

To party organs of criticism, the CBC is tooting *John* as a "Canadian" program, the producers want to give pats to hire Canadian actors even if they couldn't find good ones and mascot the ones they had. Unhappily for the PR men, *John* doesn't look very Canadian. There is a myth going around that *Peyton* and *Elizabeth* were wildly popular because they were good shows. They weren't; people liked them because they conformed to everybody's stereotype of English people. Everybody's stereotype about Canada is not *The Whistlers Of John* (which some Canadians think is a dramatic series about lions, big mountains, Indian bears and French-Canadian lumberjacks). I have a hunch feeling the CBC could have sold a 13-week series about White Fang or King of the Royal Mounted a lot faster than it's going to sell *John*. And it would have been more fun. ■



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FILMS

BY
JOHN HOFSESS

Walt Disney's *Fantasia* looks about as harmless a movie as Hollywood ever made. It was released in 1940. For 30 years it was the least popular of all Disney films. Then the young, leaping, wing-unaware of getting stoned, began seeing *Fantasia* to trip with. It became a fad. Since 1970 *Fantasia* has made twice as much dollars as *Star Wars*.

When we drove up the hill where I work in downtown Hornby after a day of *Fantasia*, the street's asphalt yielded these spoons, one broken hypodermic needle and splatters of dried blood. Glass staffers left their bags and talons in the orchestra. Others of the post-Woodstock generation flaked their lit cigarettes from the balcony onto people sitting below. It isn't uncommon, ever when the fire is lit, for the "trippy" and shopliftingly fashionable — to see kids at the concert, but looking really demented, scarcely able to walk, carrying back and forth in a daze, fascinated by the rock-and-roll packages. If a Crispy Crunch wrapper or Semtex has torn them open, small wonder they like *Fantasia*.

In this type of Canada, youth that Allan King's *Come On Children* depicts. After interviewing nearly 300 young people, he paid 10 of them (between the ages of 14 and 20) at \$100 a week each for 10 weeks, and moved them to a farm near Newmarket, Ontario, where we met comedian Bill Bryson. Hand their activates. They bought their own food and lived in their mobile homes.

Midway through the film, the camera passes across the farmhouse kitchen. There are bunches of creamy soufflés, eggs with caperets baked in them. Crusts of bread are scattered across the floor. Processed cheese slices have become elongated and bare. Canadian goods have been opened, half-eaten and left smouldering for days. There are sticky piles of jam and peanut butter at the antisepticiest places. Once frozen pizzas have turned soggy and moldy. Milk is turning sour. Dried dishes and pots are everywhere. It's the sort of household whose plates are called "piss."

The external mess is matched by a pathological one. Kenny is 28, the oldest of the group. He's a father of a child (named Butlin) and abandoned his son along with the mother, who is now or welfare, a homeless girl he refers to only with contempt. Now he sleeps with Shance and nothing worth the word "lovin'" passes between them. She becomes a mother shortly after arriving at the farm. She didn't want a child, but there it is. In the case of it, she'll put it in a foster home.

Nasty visitors pass. Not once do you hear a new or different idea. These kids aren't the originators of anything. They wear their very hair, acid-wash clothes and antiseptic straitjackets like an I'm-taking-control mentality for the duration of these adolescences. They tell you they live in as they do because they live in despair. But they live in such an oppressive, unadventurous way as only to confirm their desperation. It is Allan

King's special strength as a documentary film maker that he explores a subject without exploitation. The film shows a cross-section of the difference between self-expression and assumption. Watching *Come On Children* is like attending the last rite of the hippie lifestyle. It amounts to taps for the generation that spent its years pronouncing, with unadmitted pride, that their decade, although as a decade, does it best.

Teenagers in the Fifties were spared the embarrassment of being in a hindsight. Government commissions didn't study them. Manufacturers didn't cater to them. Film and record companies didn't pander to them. They had no Woodstock. They had no Altamont. If you don't fly high, you never crash. That's why it would be inconceivable for a Fifties youth to claim that getting stoned was a "refugee experience" — the way that LSD precipitation did a few years ago. The young of the Sixties were the pretenders and the revolutionaries. They put on wigs and flew straight for the sun. They are now everywhere in various stages, carrying their wands and counting their casualties.

Near the end of *Come On Children* the kids have a paramilitary day. An awkward "patriotism guy" seems intent with everyone speaking lines that seem borrowed from an old television series. The kids are generally silent. Their characteristic pose is an unapologetic shrug. The parents are angi-searchers. "Where did we go wrong?" After they have gone, someone shouts, "Are there any parents left?" and everyone is unison shout "No!" "Let's get stoned!" the kids lead about again, and everyone chants. You look at the parents and you realize that it would take far more reverent people than these to create good home environments. You look at the kids and you realize they aren't going to make it either. For them, freedom consists of dropping every form of authority, but never being original. Originality isn't even being original. It's being the beneficiary of the tyranny of their own peer group. Which may well be the most enslaving of all tyrannies.

In *Come On Children* Allan King has made a moving, melancholy film of considerable importance to his fellow Canadians. Shanty is beginning to settle now on the Sixties, but this film will be one of its durable documents. It was expected of teenagers in the Fifties that being young they would be foolish, but mostly in ways that mercifully could be forgotten. Young people of the Sixties were bent on being a consciousness generation. They wore their hearts and opinions on their sleeves. So it is fitting that *Come On Children* should be their tombstone.

Recommendation: The Hospital will leave you in stitches. The screwball by Paddy Chayefsky, who has seen better days as *Marty*, *The Godfather* and *The Bachelor Party*, is only mildly funny, but George C Scott and Diane Rigg are a delightful comedy team. Where the author's inspiration fails, when pressing a social problem, namely (haha), their own sense of good taste and comic timing prevails to create what's odd in the movie's script. Scott's performance is one of his best. He manages to realize that he alone can carry the film and derives great satisfaction in doing just that. Like Garbo, Scott seems to prefer mediocre screenplays so that his performance in a film is often its only strong point.

John Hofseß is a peripatetic Canadian film director.

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MUSIC

BY
PETER C. NEWMAN

When I first immigrated to Canada from Europe in the early Forties I used to put myself to sleep listening to the Tafon's Forte's catalogue radio I got for my eleventh birthday, and it turned out to be one of the most important formative influences of my life. I couldn't speak much English then, but I soaked up the sunburst CBC documentaries about Canada and turned into a living Canadian, enthralled in the process.

And late at night, long after my parents thought I was asleep, lying there with the radio tuned right down (the dial light removed so I could be an invisible giant) I heard into other, more exciting worlds. The midnight answers were filled with return packages from suburban all across North America where the big bands were swinging high, and it was their music that first opened the way for me into the culture of the continent to which I'd so lately and luckily come. When I finally left sleep after three or four hours of CBC documentaries and the big bands, I would dream about Sir John A. Macdonald, Glenn Miller, George Drew, Tommy Dorsey, MacKenzie King and

Charles Martinet, somehow sure that this would always be my country and my music. And then one night in the late summer of 1945, I picked up a Mutual Broadcasting Company record from the Radioactive Ballroom in Baldwin Beach, California, and heard Stan Kenton for the first time. The music came pouring out of my little radio like a floodstream. There was the bouncy rhythmic blend of Benno and Ruthie Ferguson as if it were suspended 10 feet above the rest of the band, counterpointed by the lyrical of the saxophones, peeling from underneath. The sound engulfed me with its fury, its sense of shared leadership, its sense beauty, the salinity carrying into the static of my radio in delicious outbreaks, like rain streaking into the wind. Right then and there began my education with Kenton's music. I have performed it, studied it and played it over time. I had tapes of it along with me during those incredible 1000 miles of the Defense highway campaign. I listened to it when I was reporting the British defense situation involved in foothills along the St. John river, when I find myself laggardly by visiting U.S. your ankles trying to find out what Canadian nationalism is all about. I never completely gave up my office photograph, hoping that one of my American visitors will draw my attention. Not one of them has though. I think I detect an pleasant smile, as they listen to my Yankee music, that we Americans might just be a bunch of neophyte dunces after all.

I have every one of Kenton's 92 albums which encompasses you about all the tempos known to man, including belying-discozy Egyptian *panzanga* (a stated 14th-century Spanish dance), fados, samba and Christmas carols. Most of Kenton's orchestra have combined the broadest polytonal inversions of Bartók, Stravinsky and Ravel with Afro-Cuban rhythms and the intricate harmonies of the great French modernist, Darius Milhaud. (Kenton once recorded most of Richard Wagner's *Lohengrin*, but as a jaded-up version of the opera but if it would have sounded had Wagner scored it for the Kenton orchestra?) It's a tribute to his integrity as a musician that Kenton managed to move deeper into sonoristic impressionism without ever losing his feeling for jazz as a hot, emotional, get-off music. Kenton plays pure, but the emotions, as has always been his real instrument, and he has used it like a playwright with his own versatile stock company to extend his reach and develop the scenario of his art.

All of this sounds as if Kenton and his events were part of some nostalgic life, kept alive by a few green up kids with long memories like myself. But cosa nostra isn't what it used to be. Kenton now is so much more exciting than he was in the 1940s that when you hear him he blows these days and those bands right out of your mind. For the past two years, Kenton has been on the road with 19 musicians, crossing the U.S. (with occasional side trips to Canada) and Europe. This is a road band, airy and free, much looser than his past aggregations. The multiple brass characters, the swirl of neon colors, the restaurants ensemble work (Iphigened off charted arrangements that read like page torn out of a Dostoevsky novel) combine to produce not so much a sensory sense of sounds past as a reversion of music's future.

Two of Kenton's recent university concerts have been issued on a private label (available in Canada through the Cork Jazz & Blues Record Centre, 719 Yonge Street, Toronto) and they represent, quite simply, the best big-band music ever recorded. The most interesting tracks are the work of arranger Hank Levy, where *Clipper A Sky Never* and *Wenki's Gypsys* (written in alternating 7/4 and 7/8 time) have the band swinging in full-throated, noisy hammering. Such rhythmic frenzies as *Tony Berry Day* and even *Love Berry* come on with a growing, insatiable quality, tonguing and soloing in the feelings they set. Ken Hanna's magnificent *Twilight Is The Provider* is a rare drowsy that

captures a sense of decay, the smell of fine-estate manure, like *Wesley's Milkwood Park* turns out to be a symbiotic fusion of rock and jazz. With *Madeline's Kitchen* Kenton has a melancholy beat all of its own. With this band Kenton seems to be defining the inexpressible measure of *my personal history* by defining *time itself*. When he comes on stage to lead one of his crescendo, guitars replace nostalgia. (Never mind being your age, it's good to be alive.) In his late middle years, Stan Kenton is determined not to be an anachronism in a musical time he helped to create. He is a man in command of his worth, riding his craft with dignity and fluid like the bands he has built a half-century at his piano bench. There's a sense-clearing blast from the 100th harmonic section and he turns them off with a twist of the elbow, a soloist's player. Now a clarinet and Kenton's head wobbles like a raver's in rock, bounces between his shoulders. He grows a double-truck. The long silent fingers of his hand cutting the air like dinner knives. He smiles, slouches over the piano, swishing his coat, leading them home, projecting images to his audience the after-laws track, this is not just a big band, but just peerless ethereal music with the great most authority of a work of art ■

MUSIC WITH THE INNER AUTHORITY OF ART



Stan Kenton

Peter C. Newman is editor of *Maclean's*.



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Private Blend Cigarettes

Each Perilly's is made with pure filigrain paper and contains a tobacco blend which conforms to the exacting standards that John Perilly set when he hand-made his cigarettes in the eighteen-eighties.

PARTICULAR PEOPLE PREFER **PERILLY'S** PRIVATE BLEND CIGARETTES

